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THE POISONED ARROW.

BY A. H.

My love, in a half-teasing mood,
Gave voice to thoughts not truly his,
And when he found they gave me pain
He caught them back with tender kiss.

The kiss caught back the arrow e'en
The moment that it reached my heart;
But, O, the poison on its tip
Seems of my life itself a part.

I know he loves me, loves me true,
I trust him even while I feel
A bitter pain, a strange unrest,
Like ghastly phantom round me steal.

Ah, me! of all the strange, strange things,
Love is the strangest of them all!
Those we most love, 'tis they that bear,
The poisoned arrows we let fall.

The sweet love words, the tender thought
So often spoke by tongue and pen,
Treasured with all a miser's greed,
Will never seem the same again.

Alas! their lustre hath grown dim,
I see them through a veil of tears,—
Far off they seem, and crusted o'er
As with a gathered mold of years.

Can nothing bring the lustre back?
Can nothing burnish off the mold?
Oh! what can bring to me again,
The gladness of those days of old!

Those idle words! those thoughtless words!
I would that they had not been said,
Or would that I could bury them,
With the unknown, forgotten dead.

That may not be, and yet I think,
Dear love, I would less sadly grieve,
If you would tell me once again
You meant them not—I would believe.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

BRACY BURGOYNE'S SECRET.

Farewell!
For in that word, that fatal word, howe'er
We promise and believe, there breathes despair.—Byron.

Lionel Breakspeare was too startled, too overjoyed at suddenly finding himself in the presence of the woman he loved, to give a thought to anything but the fact that he was beside her. He never stopped to ask whether she were free, whether she loved him, or would care for him to love her; he thought of nothing but the fact that he beheld her in all her witchery of beauty once more. And a witchery it was—ten times more lovely than when he had left her in Rome lying in a sleep that looked like death, with the pallor of hunger-faintness on her face.

Her cheeks wore the glow of health now, and her eyes sparkled with a brightness that was not born of the fever of famine. She was dressed with the graceful elegance of a well-born lady, and looked as aristocratic and refined as his own high-bred sister.

"An emperor might be proud of her," he thought, as he held her in his embrace, while she struggled to free herself, half ashamed, and wholly frightened at his boldness.

He had been thinking of her, and of his strange infatuation, as he strolled along through the woods. His sister's description of the mysterious Mrs. Longmore had aroused his memories of her, and with it all the mad passion her beauty had inspired. In the midst of his yearnings for her presence he had come upon her suddenly sitting there, as though she had dropped from the clouds in answer to his wild aspirations.

It was no dream, no wild vision of his imagination. She was real, tangible, and again and again he held her to his breast, and pressed kiss after kiss upon her burning face.

"Hilda, my darling, my own sweet southern flower," he murmured, "have I found you at last?"

But there was no answering response in her face—only a blank, frightened stare.

"Is it possible that you do not know me—that you have forgotten me? And I have been eating my heart out in the vain search for you. Say you remember me, that you will try to love me, or I shall go mad."

He was mad already, with the monomania of man's first serious passion, and the wild emotion in his face helped to prevent her recognizing him at once. But by degrees recollection came back, and a scarlet flush suffused her face and neck.

"I remember you now," she said. "I saw you in Rome on that dreadful day when——"

She covered her face with her hands, and shuddered as she spoke, and he put his arms around her and tried to soothe her.

"It was terrible," he said gently; "but it is gone by now. Why did you run away from me? I would have tended you so gently—worn my jewel next my heart with such jealous care. Have you come to seek me that I find you here, within sight of my house—under the very shadow of its walls?"

"Your house, signor?" she said, reverting to the old Italian style, as though the sight of his face brought her old life back to her. "Yours! I do not understand."

"Don't you know who I am? But, no, of course not. How should you? I don't think I told you. I seemed to have nothing come to my lips but the old, old story, 'I love you.' I am the Duke of Castletowers, Hilda. This is my home, and the country round, as far as you can see from its topmost tower, and farther, is mine with it."

A curious change came over her face as he spoke, a white, startled, regretful look of intense pain, and for a moment she did not answer him. Then she said slowly, and as if with difficulty—

"And you would have married me—made me a duchess—given me the right to be queen here? Say it again, my lord duke; let me hear it and know what I have lost."

A curious speech to be uttered by that young, soft voice, whose every tone was liquid music; and a curious expression was on the girl's face as she spoke—a sort of dreamy looking into futurity, that made her seem almost unearthly in her weird beauty.

He could see nothing but the natural surprise at seeing him again. He did not remark the half-sad tone in which she spoke.

"Would have married you, my own love—my only one! I will! You shall be Duchess of Castletowers, and be loved and tended as never was duchess or queen in the world before. Do not mourn for what you have lost. Nothing is lost but the months of love and happiness that might have been ours had you not disappeared so suddenly. Tell me, my own darling, where you went, and where you have been since that cruel day?"

She had recovered herself by this time, and could answer him quietly and with apparent calmness. She drew herself away from his embrace and stood before him.

"Hear me first, my lord," she said, and her lightly clasped hands did not tremble, nor her full red lips quiver with the faintest trace of emotion. "When I left the hotel that day in Rome I went to one who had the right to protect me, and whom I had believed lost to me forever. I did not know—how could I?—of the high honor you intended for me. Ah, if I had—if I had!"

"What if you had, Hilda?"

"I should have acted so differently."

"Meaning that you would not have gone away?"

"Ah, no, I would not."

"You will not go away from me again? You will be my wife, will you not—my loved, idolized wife? We will make up for that sad time by our life-long love."

She turned very white now, livid even to her lips, and he feared she was going to faint, and started up.

"Don't touch me, my lord," she said; "don't come near me. It is nothing, only the surprise—the shock. I can only thank you for your condescension and your kindness, and beg you to let me go."

"Without an answer, after all my weary search? Have you no word for me? Does your heart make no response to my passion, my entreaties?"

"My heart must not speak, my lord. I cannot give you the answer you would have. I cannot be Duchess of Castletowers. Your offer comes too late."

"Too late!"

"Yes, my lord. I am already a wife." She held out her little hand, whereon her wedding ring shone in the dying sunlight, like a thin circle of fire. "Look there," she said; "my fetters are six months old now."

She was startled at the wild, despairing look upon his face, and the strange stare with which he regarded her.

"I am sorry to have given you pain, my lord," she said; "sorry that you have wasted so much time and money on a bootless search. Had I known, or my husband, we would have communicated with you at once. My lord, my lord, pray don't," she added, hastily, frightened at seeing him bow his head upon his clasped hands and weep hot tears, and bitter bursting sobs, such as a man may yield to perchance once in a lifetime, and which scorch and burn like a simoon in the desert. "I am sorry, so grieved."

"Sorry! sorry that you cannot accept—sorry that you are tied hand and foot to another man. If I thought so——"

"My lord, I must not listen to such words from you. My husband is a good, honorable gentleman, who loves me, whom I love—not as my gratitude should prompt me perhaps, but enough to do my duty by him. I must not listen to words which would tend to tempt me from it, even from a duke."

She spoke his title as though she loved to linger upon it, and he took her hand again.

"There is surely a spell upon me," he said. "From the first hour in which I beheld you I have felt that my destiny was bound up in yours. I feel it still. Your words have been to me like a stroke of death, but they have not killed the prescience that our fates will mingle yet. As I loved you from the hour when I held you insensible in my arms in Rome, so I love you still, so I shall love you to my life's end; but you need fear nothing from my love. We Breakspeares do not tempt the woman we love, to dishonor for the sake of a mad passion. We bid heaven bless them, and leave them, and wait—wait until death, maybe, for reunion."

He raised her hand to his lips, and touched it with lips that were as cold as ice now.

"Tell me your husband's name," he said. "Do I know him?"

"I am called Mrs. Longmore," she replied.

"Mrs. Longmore! Then it was you my sister saw this morning?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You say you are called so. I can see that it is not your real name. You would not stumble over it if it were. Will you not tell me? Is it a secret?"

"For the present."

"I am sorry there is any need of secrecy. I should have made none. I should only have been too proud to trumpet to the world that I had won my darling. I will say good evening, Mrs. Longmore. Have no fear of coming here, or to any part of the grounds of Castletowers. I will give orders for them to be open to you at all times. You will not be intruded upon; I shall be away."

"On my account?"

"I could not stay here and run the chance of seeing you. I must put myself out of the way of temptation for myself and unhappiness for you. No good can come of our meeting."

"Your grace! Hilda!"

These words were spoken close to them. Hilda turned with a half shriek, and was clasped in the arms of the speaker, who held her in a jealous embrace, as though he feared she might be torn from him, and spirited away before his eyes.

The duke stared at the new comer in unmitigated astonishment.

"Mr. Burgoyne!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, your grace; Bracy Burgoyne, who waits to hear what the Duke of Castletowers can have to say to his wife alone in the twilight so far from her home."

"Your wife!"

"Yes, my wife. Your grace has surprised my secret from me. May I request you to respect it?"

"It is safe for me, Mr. Burgoyne," the duke replied. "As to my meeting Mrs. Burgoyne here, it was an accident. When I saw her I believed her to be still Hilda Sforza, which must be my apology for anything I said to her. She told me she was a wife, but not whose. I was just bidding her come here without fear of intrusion, for that I was going to leave Castletowers, when you came up."

"I think I lost myself, Bracy," Hilda said, still clinging to her husband's arm, and looking up into his face with child-like confiding eyes. "I had no idea I had come very far."

"A few steps farther and you would have walked into his grace's private garden," said Bracy Burgoyne. "I must beg his pardon for intruding so far in search of you."

"Pray make yourselves free of the grounds for the future," the duke replied, courteously; "you will be quite private here. Good evening, Mr. Burgoyne—good evening, madam," and with a bow he turned upon his heel and left them.

Bracy Burgoyne led his wife away. There was nothing in Lionel Breakspeare's manner, nor that of Hilda, to make him uncomfortable; and yet he was ill at ease—he could not tell why.

"Whatever took you there?" he asked much more shortly than was his wont to speak to her.

"I wandered there without knowing," she replied. "I do get so sick of our good Barbara and her prosing, that I am glad to get anywhere for a change. But what has brought you back, darling? I thought you were far on your road to Paris."

"Are you sorry to have me back?"

"Kiss me, and ask me that again, Bracy," she said, putting up her tempting lips; and he responded in a fashion that must have made the blinking owls that were just turning out for a night's frolic, think men poor weak creatures to be so lured by a woman.

"But what was the duke saying to you, my own darling?" he asked, after the little interlude came to an end; and Hilda looked him straight in the face with her lustrous eyes, and replied—

"He was asking me to be Duchess of Castletowers."

CHAPTER V.

CIRCE.

Oh, my heart it still dances
When I think of her changeable glances,
And my image how small when it sank in the deep
Of her eyes, where her soul was! Hood.

A strange thrill passed through Bracy Burgoyne's heart at his wife's words, and he looked earnestly into her lovely face, to see if he could read there what thought accompanied her words. There was nothing there but perfect love and trust, pure affection for him, and childlike innocence and truth.

"And what did you say to his grace?" he asked.

"Showed him my wedding ring, and thanked him for his condescension," she replied, laughing. "He was too late, was he not, Bracy dear?"

"A little; but tell me darling, how did he come to ask you such a question? Surely he did not fall in love with you at first sight, and ask you to marry him without knowing who you were, or anything about you?"

"Well, not exactly. We had met before."

"Where?"

Bracy Burgoyne's brow grew dark as he asked the question, and his voice was almost stern; but his wife met his look without the slightest shrinking.

"You dear, jealous old bear," she said, "I've a great mind to keep it secret from you, and torment you. It would serve you right; but I won't. I met his grace, the Duke of Castletowers, in Rome."

"In Rome!"

"Yes. Don't look so like a Bluebeard, or I declare I won't tell you. The duke was the gentleman who was so kind to me on that miserable day when——"

"When my darling thought herself forgotten by all the world," said Bracy Burgoyne. "Ah, I don't like to think of it."

"Neither do I. It wasn't nice," said Hilda, pressing close to her husband's side, "Yes, the duke was the man, and only think, dear, I did not even know him. I was so frightened when he came up and—and spoke to me."

"And asked you to be his wife. My lord duke's wooing must have sped ill in other quarters."

"I don't know about that. He said——"

"Said what?"

"I don't like to tell you, Bracy—you will be angry."

"Not with you—with him, maybe."

"I don't think you will when you have heard the story all through. He fell in love with me there—in Rome—and has been looking for me ever since. When I told him I was married, he begged my pardon and said he would go away."

"I suppose we ought to go away, Hilda," Bracy Burgoyne said, gravely. "My wife ought not to be the means of driving the Duke of Castletowers from his home. But I cannot afford it yet, my own. I have spent all my available means in putting this bower in order for my pretty birdie. We must let his grace go, and wish him *bon voyage*."

"*Bon voyage*, with all my heart," echoed Hilda, as they reached the gate of Ferndale Hollow. "I wish this hadn't happened, Bracy, if you are going to look so grave about it."

"So do I with all my soul. I wish I had not lost my train, and then I should not have known anything about it. Ignorance is bliss sometimes. You know what Shakespeare says—

'He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, he's not robbed at all.'

Perhaps it would have been better for me to have been flying on my road to Nice than to have come back to hear what you have just told me."

"What nonsense you talk, Bracy. You have lost nothing. My accidental meeting with the duke has robbed you of nothing. It was an accident, and will not happen again. Yes, here we are, Mrs. Hepburn; and I have not got into any tremendous mischief. Mr. Burgoyne found me, you see."

"And he looks fit to drop," said the old servant, grimly. "He'd better have had something to eat before he went off after you. I knew you'd come back when you chose."

"Like a bad penny. Well, I am here, and so is he, which will save me from a scolding for one night at least. Come in, Bracy dear, and have some supper, and tell me how you came to miss the train, and all about it."

Bracy Burgoyne went in with his wife, but somehow or other the color would not come back to his cheeks nor the light to his eyes. He was grave and preoccupied, and only eat a few mouthsful and drank a glass of wine. He let Barbara clear away in silence, and then drew his wife once more to his side.

"You are vexed at what has happened," she said. "I am so sorry, but I could not help it."

"Of course not, dear. Are you sure that it has not made you regret——"

"What!"

"Giving yourself to me, who can find you no better or costlier home than this. We are very poor, Hilda."

"I suppose so," she said, with a sigh.

Four and twenty hours ago her present means and position had seemed like a fairyland of wealth and beauty to her as compared with her former state. Now she had learned what might have been hers, had she known in time; Ferndale and its appointments and its master's means had sunk into terrible insignificance.

"Yes, very poor, my darling," he went on; "so poor that I can do nothing but keep you here till——"

"Till the old lady at Nice dies, I suppose."

"Or till I see my way clear to break the news of my marriage to her. I shall be a rich man then, my own, and my Hilda shall queen it in the gay world as she will."

"Five thousand a year," Hilda said, absently. "It isn't much, after all."

"Not much, you ambitious little woman! Why, how much would you have?"

"Fifty, if I could get it," she replied, laughing; "a hundred, if any mortals under the sun have such an income."

"A good many have more, little woman. Your ideas have enlarged since I first saw you in Rome. You thought a present eight hundred and a prospective five thousand, a very nice income indeed to marry upon."

"And so I do now. Perhaps the knowledge that I might have been a duchess has put money into my head. I should like to be a duchess, Bracy."

"I don't know that I'm the undiscovered heir to a dukedom," said Bracy Burgoyne, with a smile. "I may be, and then you will know how it feels. I shall wish I had kept you in Rome if you grow ambitious."

He had been idling about in Rome with a party of companions when he first met Hilda Sforza. He heard accidentally of a picture in the studio of a very poor artist, almost unknown to fame, which was beginning to be talked about, and he went to see it. It was a curious, fantastic picture, entitled "Circe," and represented the enchantress, with Ulysses at her feet, and surrounded by his brutalized companions. It was a marvellous painting. The artist had displayed wonderful skill in retaining an agonized human expression in the face of the swine, which he grouped about, gazing with imploring faces into the eyes of the enchantress. Ulysses was depicted grovelling at her feet, clutching at her robe, more besotted in his love than the brutes into which his companions had been turned. The central figure of the picture, the one on which the artist concentrated all his skill, was Circe herself. It seemed to stand out from the dark figures and foliage round it, and glow with a light that was all its own—a radiant, gleaming form, with white rounded limbs, and masses of golden hair, crowned with flowers, and eyes that, whichever way the gazer turned, seemed to follow and transfix him. A wonderful conception—a picture which happens to a painter to make once in a lifetime, maybe—an idea which once seized is gone, and cannot be repeated. The drapery was white and flowing, held in at the waist and shoulders with gleaming gems of many colors; and the attitude was one of wonderful ease and grace.

Bracy Burgoyne was alone when he looked at it, and he stood gazing and finding out new points of interest and beauty every minute, till a slight rustle behind him made him turn and look round, to be confronted by Circe herself.

Radiant and glowing, just as if she had stepped from the canvas to the floor, there she stood. The robes were of the coarsest white woollen stuff, and the gems were but bits of colored glass set in tawdry tinsel; but the face, the hair, the haunting eyes were those of the enchantress herself, and Bracy Burgoyne's heart went out to her radiant beauty, and was lost to him forever.

He could not find words to speak to her; he could only stand and stare, and mumble out some excuse for not having seen her before.

"I have only just come in, signor," she replied. "I was not aware there was anyone here. I was wanted for papa to touch up Circe a little more. I am dressed for the part, you see."

Her lip curled with the slightest touch of scorn as she spoke, as though she hated the idea of serving as a model even to her father, and Bracy Burgoyne fell deeper in love at every fleeing moment. There is no need to tell of the course of their wooing. The young man found that Raphael Sforza was an indolent, dreamy man of genius, who had scrambled through life as best he could, bringing up his motherless daughter conscientiously enough, but in an erratic, unschooled fashion that had made her piquant and wilful, but wise and far-seeing beyond her years. She was seventeen when this young Englishman crossed her path, and in vulgar parlance, "hooked" him at once.

To her poverty-fostered ideas his limited means seemed unbounded wealth, and the thought of waiting for the old aunt, of whom he told her, to die, had no terrors for her. Eight hundred a year seemed to her unbounded wealth, after the very limited number of liri her father doled out to her to make her weekly purchases now. The course of their true love ran very smooth for a few weeks, and then a catastrophe occurred which well nigh ended it altogether. They were to be married in a few days, quietly and secretly, and Bracy Burgoyne was going to take his bride to see Naples, when one day, returning to his lodgings, he found a telegram from Nice bidding him come at once if he wished to see his aunt alive. There was no time to go back to Hilda, but he wrote, telling her what had happened, and that he would write from Nice, and come back as soon as ever he possibly could. "But man proposes," et cetera—Hilda never got that letter. The messenger lost it, and kept his own counsel, and the telegram had not by any means informed Bracy Burgoyne of what he had to encounter at his journey's end. The crisis of Miss Burgoyne's illness was over by the time he got to Nice, but it was a dangerous fever, and he caught it. For some weeks he lay hovering between life and death, and when at length he returned to Rome it was to find Raphael Sforza dead, the household broken up, and Hilda gone he knew not whither. The picture of Circe had been seized by the principal creditor, a Jew, and the rest of the unfortunate artist's goods and chattels scattered hither and thither among those to whom he owed money. Almost broken-hearted, Bracy Burgoyne was passing along a street which led along the side of a large hotel, when suddenly he heard his name gasped out in breathless accents, and Hilda fell, almost fainting, into his arms.

She had seen him pass the window where she had been lying, and came after him. That was all the mystery of her disappearance which had cost the Duke of Castletowers so much time and money to solve. The pair were married within as short a time as possible, and Bracy Burgoyne took his wife to Naples, and from thence to England, where he had some finishing touches put to her education; and, finally, consigned her to the care of Barbara Hepburn at Ferndale Hollow.

The chance of revealing the secret of his marriage was as far off as ever, for Miss Burgoyne at Nice was remarkably well, and seemed likely to continue so. Her aversion to marriage, or any idea of it for her nephew, was almost a monomania. Disappointed and soured in her own early life, she was as solitary in her tastes and pursuits as a Trappist, and did not believe in the faith or truth of any human being.

"Marry, and I'll disinherit you the hour I hear of it," she said to her nephew, grimly—and Bracy, for the sake of Hilda and the future, was forced to hold his tongue.

CHAPTER VI.

"HE LOVES ME STILL."

But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—Burns.

It was with a very heavy heart that Bracy Burgoyne prepared for his journey to Nice on the following day.

He had missed the tidal train by a few minutes through an unavoidable delay on the road, and finding he could not catch it, he had returned at the first opportunity to Ferndale.

That he was worried and disheartened by what he had seen and heard he could not conceal. He did not guess at his wife's shallowness of heart, nor her wild ambition; but he knew the Duke of Castletowers to be a handsome, attractive man, with captivating manners and a pleasant voice, and he dreaded, as any husband would, leaving an unacknowledged wife within reach of such temptation.

He had perfect faith in her truth, and from what he knew of Lionel Breakspeare, in his honor, too; but still he was uncomfortable. He was, as he had told Hilda, too poor to find her another home; at any rate for the next few months he must leave her, and trust to the chapter of accidents to keep her safe and true to him.

He need have had no fear as far as the duke was concerned. As he had told Hilda, he came of a race which did not tempt women to dishonor. He was flying from the temptation of her haunting presence and his own disappointment.

While the inmates of Ferndale were dallying over a late breakfast, Mrs. Hepburn appeared with a note and an extremely sour face.

"From the castle," she said, grimly, with a frown at Hilda, as though she suspected her of inveigling the master of Castletowers into a correspondence with her.

Mrs. Burgoyne caught the look and perfectly understood it. She looked back at her duenna defiantly.

"Is it for me?" she asked? "I met the duke in the woods last night, 'promiscuous,' as I heard one of the natives about here say one day. Perhaps his grace wants to see me again."

A spasm of sharp pain passed over Bracy Burgoyne's face for a moment, not unmarked by Barbara Hepburn.

"The letter is for the master, madam," she said, in her curtest and chilliest manner. "There's no answer, sir; the groom rode away directly after he had handed it in."

"Hilda, what demon of mischief prompted you to say such a thing to Mrs. Hepburn?" asked Bracy Burgoyne, when the old woman had left the room. "You will put all sorts of things into her head. Besides, dear, you don't know how it pains me."

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Bracy dear," Hilda replied, with the least touch of flippancy in her tone. "But I do love to plague old Barbara. She hates me, I know she does, and I want to serve her out for a letter she gave me only yesterday."

"What about?"

"About this very Duke of Castletowers. She told me all the story of the Duchess Christabel, who put her husband down a vault. Is it true?"

"I believe so."

"I should like to see the place. She says you keep the key."

"So I do. I did not choose to have that part of the premises made a resort of. You shall see it if you wish when I have read the duke's letter."

She drew close beside him when he opened the envelope, and read the letter over his shoulder. It was honest and manly, and lightened Bracy Burgoyne's heart of a heavy load.

CASTLETOWERS, July 18, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR:—A slight acquaintance like ours hardly warrants my addressing you; yet I feel a few words are due to you from me, about what took place last evening. If your wife has not told you what passed, let me inform you that I met her in Rome, have been seeking her ever since; and just before you joined us—without a thought that she was anything but Hilda Sforza—I asked her to be my wife. It was a dreadful shock to hear that she was already married—to whom I did not guess till your sudden appearance—and I have to ask her pardon and yours for my words to her. I am going away—when to return I do not know. You love her and have won her, and you can understand the heartache I take with me. My love for her has been as constant as its rise was sudden. I have never cherished an image in my heart as I have hers, and never shall again. I could not leave Castletowers without communicating with you. Perhaps you will not believe me when I say I go with the truest wishes for your happiness; but you may—and also that the secret I so unexpectedly discovered yesterday shall be sacred with me. No one—not even my sister, shall hear from my lips that Mrs. Burgoyne is other than Mrs. Longmore, as she supposes. The Lady Euphemia accompanies me to town *en route* for a round of visits, and I have only to add that my people have orders to make the ladies of Ferndale Hollow and its owner, when he is there, free use of any part of Castletower and its grounds. I beg that you will make use of the privilege whenever you feel disposed; there are many objects of interest in the place worth a visit. Due notice will be given to you of our return, which will not be for some time. Present my compliments to Mrs. Burgoyne, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,
"CASTLETOWERS."

Bracy Burgoyne felt that the letter was not intended for his wife's perusal, and he sighed as he saw the glitter in her eyes

as she read it over to herself after he had finished it.

"There's an end of old Barbara's suspicions," she said, as she gave it back to him. "She cautioned me with more force than politeness against falling in love with this duke, whom I did not know I had ever seen; and held up the doings of Madame Christabel yonder before my eyes in pious warning. She's enough to drive any one into mischief with her spiteful tongue."

"Barbara is a faithful old servant, my darling, and loves her master."

"But not her mistress."

"She does, or she would not strive to keep you from temptation. Come along, Hilda, and I'll show you the vault where the former master of Ferndale was found."

He led her to a part of the house she had not yet explored, a side wing, long since fallen into ruin, and never used save as a receptacle for lumber. Down from this a staircase led into what were once used as cellars, but which were now abandoned. Opening from this by a small door made in the stone work of the wall, was the vault in question—a black, rayless dungeon—the mere looking into which seemed to send a chill through the bones of the inquisitive spectator. It was not airless, a chill wind blew through it from some invisible opening; but it was a terrible place. Noisome insects of all sorts scattered away with a hideous, creepy rattle as the light flashed in upon them, and a couple of rats scampered across the mouldy floor in terrified amazement.

Hilda shuddered.

"What an awful place!" she exclaimed. "Did they really find the man shut up here?"

"Hardly; they found a fleshless skeleton and some mouldy rags. He was only identified by those and the ring which I have upstairs."

"Whereabouts in the house is this place? I have come through such queer passages I feel lost."

"Right under your boudoir, my dear. See, you can step down here when you like."

Hilda looked up, and saw a trap in the ceiling.

"Ugh! How horrible!" she said. "I shan't like that room any more."

"Oh yes you will, when you get back into the light and air. This dismal hole is always locked up, and I never part with the key."

"Not to any one."

"Not to any one, so you never need fear any one intruding on you from here."

"I don't think I'm afraid of that. Shut it up, Bracy. I've seen enough."

He led her upstairs again and showed her the ring, and then locked it away in his *escritoire*, and talked to her on other subjects, till it was time for him to leave her once more. Her bright spirits had returned by then, and she laughed and chatted gaily while she presided over his farewell meal."

As she stood at the gate watching him go away, the carriage from Castletowers passed, with the duke and Lady Euphemia inside, and the valet and lady's maid in the rumble. A light cart had preceded them with the luggage, showing that their absence was likely to be a prolonged one.

Both brother and sister saw Hilda, and bowed, the duke lifting his hat gravely, and Lady Euphemia nodding with a bright smile.

"Is she not lovely?" she said to her brother, as Hilda returned the salute, blushing crimson all over her face and neck.

"Very!"

"Is she anything like your beggarwoman at Rome?"

"Don't ask foolish questions," was the sharp rejoinder.

"Well, from your description of that same wonderful person, I should fancy Mrs. Longmore might sit for a portrait of her."

"I never saw Mrs. Longmore in all my life till last night," the duke replied. "I told you I met her in the wood."

He had satisfied his sister as to his reasons for leaving home so suddenly. It matters not to our story now. Their departure had only been anticipated by a week or two, and Lady Euphemia was by no means sorry. She was getting tired of Castletowers.

"And he loves me!" Hilda murmured, as the carriage turned the corner and was driven out of sight. "Loves me, and I might have been Duchess of Castletowers. Ah, 'what is to be will be,' as somebody says. The world's all wrong somehow, and we are left to make the best of it."

From the time of the duke's departure, a new life began for Hilda Burgoyne. Armed with his grace's permission, she explored the castle and its purlieus, and was never happier than when she could sit dreaming in the picture gallery, or some of the other grand rooms of the splendid house. Sometimes Barbara Hepburn accompanied her, but always under protest. She did not like the expeditions, but she could not say nay to her charge, and Hilda went oftener alone! The servants were most respectful. The stately housekeeper unbent to these people so favored of her master, and the time of Bracy Burgoyne's absence passed rapidly away. Hilda found many mementoes of the tragedy at Ferndale in the rooms at Castletowers. The lovely, wicked face of the Duchess Christabel was repeated on the walls in every phase of its beauty, and it seemed to the lovely girl as though there was meaning in the pure-looking eyes for her, and her only, as the faces in the portraits seemed to follow her as she moved about.

One day the housekeeper greeted her with a piece of news.

"There's a new picture come," she said.

"Where from?"

"From his grace. He ought it in Paris, I believe. It's to e hung in the west gallery. I was spec sily to show it to you and Mr. Burgoyne, f he should come to Ferndale."

"I do not know when Mr. Burgoyne will be likely to be at Ferndale," Hilda replied.

She never blushed or simpered when mentioning her husband's name. No one could have guessed from her manner that Bracy Burgoyne was anything more to her than the landlord of the house she lived in. Mrs. Caterham had no suspicion.

"His grace is very kind," Hilda replied, quietly, to her announcement. "What is the subject?"

She took Hilda to the west gallery, where the men were busy preparing to hang the picture. A valuable painting had already been removed to make room for it, and the lid of the case was unfastened.

"It's a hawful picture," said one of the footmen in attendance. "It—— Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Caterham.

"It's the very model of Mrs. Longmore," replied the man.

The lid was raised, the paper shavings removed from the painting that was so tenderly cared for, and Hilda beheld "Circe."

Her pulses leaped with a sudden thrill; but she betrayed no outward emotion.

"I am glad to see that picture again," she said quietly. "It was painted by—that is, it belonged to my father. My face served the artist as a model, so there is no wonder that John here saw the likeness. It was very kind of his grace to buy it. He knows something of its history."

Quietly spoken, yet with a tempest of emotion raging at her heart, Mrs. Caterham would have wondered had she seen her half an hour later pacing up and down on the spot where she had met the duke, and murmured wildly to herself words that should fall from no wife's lips save when her husband is the theme:

"He loves me still—he loves me still!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEWING MACHINE.

"Got one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank, or a treddle? say!
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing-machine.

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it:
I don't know what I should do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well I call it 'my dear;'
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

"It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And is worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs;
And makes that dismal, head-achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

"Mind is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes, and a dainty foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops;
With any indefinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose;
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

"One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt:
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch:
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice.

"What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy,
With a turn for gossip and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sowing of tares.

"Tut! tut! don't talk. I see it all—
You need n't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean,
You would like, yourself, a sewing-machine!
Well, got one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine."

Discordia's Ring.

Discordia lived beside the sea. Mezahab spent the best of his time absolutely in it. He was the largest young man in the neighborhood, and his hair was sandy, and his skin tanned to a bright copper-color. As for his eyes, they were of a very light, bright green—the eyes of a jealous man. Discordia thought him very handsome.

As to Discordia's personal appearance, there could be no doubt. She was remarkably pretty, and all the tanning in the world could only make her skin of a brighter brown, and her teeth more intensely white. Her hair curled tight about her head in tiny rings, and her lips were scarlet.

At the time of Discordia's birth there had come to board at Mrs. Peck's cottage a learned gentleman, who sought to combine the benefit of country-air and sea-breezes with the quiet necessary for the production of a series of papers. The air and the sea-breezes he found; the quiet he did not find, for the shrieks of the infant daughter of the house penetrated every recess of the hitherto quiet cottage.

The learned gentleman fled to the woods and wilds to find peace—and did not find it. Insects bit his nose and got into his ears. He overturned his ink on finished manuscript, and had his straw hat eaten up by a horse who came behind him unawares, while he was deep in composition.

Driven from his rural retreat in this dreadful way the learned man took a secret revenge of a diabolical nature; for, upon a family discussion of the future name of the infant girl, he introduced his advice, and so tempted the proud mother with the fine-sounding name of Discordia, that she had the child christened Discordia Jane at the nearest church at the next available opportunity.

The learned man waited the event, and went away with a fiendish rejoicing in his heart. "No man," said he to himself, "would ever marry a girl named Discordia Jane."

He did not reflect that the mythological significance of the name was a dead letter in that part of the world where Discordia was to pass her maidenhood, or that she would henceforth be called Mrs. Peck's Cordy.

Discordia grew up a most remorseless flirt, and caused woful discord among the young fishers in the neighborhood. Quarrels on her account were merely the regular thing, and the fact that she had given her smiles equally to Samuel Dean and Peter Mead caused those two young men to enter into single combat in an open boat, and to repent of the rash act during the long hours of a winter night, during which they sat upon the bottom of their overturned boat, to which they had providentially managed to cling, and grew so cold that love died out in both their hearts, and they loved the old fisherman who happily came to their rescue at daybreak far better than they did Discordia Jane Peck.

However, Mezahab Dunn had somehow actually won Discordia's heart. He was, as we have seen, "Cordy Peck's company," and she was quite satisfied.

Old people declared that "Cordy Peck was pretty behaved now-a-days," and other girls kept their beaux in peace.

Meanwhile Mezahab strove to "make his crown a pound."

They were all comfortable people enough, but there was not much elegance in the place, and jewelry was generally bought of pedlars, who came with tempting "sets" to the cottage-doors.

Therefore, when Mezahab one fine afternoon betook himself by train to the city, and brought thence a real gold ring, with a real turquoise in it, and slipped it on Discordia's finger as her engagement-ring, it was something to talk of.

It was a little large, but the finger would doubtless grow, if Discordia took after her mother, and the gold was so bright, and the stone so blue and beautiful, that it was a pleasure to look at it.

"And blue is the color of true love," said Mezahab. "I've heard that, and that's why I bought it."

Discordia loved the ring for the sake of its giver, and for its own sake also, and she would never take it off.

"Put it away, and wear it a Sunday. I would, if I was you," said the mother.

But Discordia had heard that it was "unlucky" ever to remove an engagement-ring, and for the same reason she would never let anyone try it on. When she feared to soil it she wrapped a piece of soft muslin about her finger, and at last this came to be her work-day style of wearing it.

"If I should lose that ring," she said once to her mother. "I know I should lose Mez too. I feel it in my bones."

She said this the very day that Mezahab went with his father to his grandfather's funeral. The old man's home was miles away, and Mezahab would not return for four or five days—for a week, perhaps.

Money had been left him. He would be rich enough to marry Discordia at once; as soon, at least, as popular opinion permitted after a "death in the family." But Mezahab was too much of a man to feel covetous of dead men's shoes, even when they had been shuffled off; and Discordia would have felt it wicked to feel any pleasure as yet. The two parted very seriously.

"Poor old grand-dad," said Mezahab, "used to be very good to me, Cordy. Rode me in the hay-cart, and gave me a jack-knife when I went to see him."

"You must try to make up your mind that he's better off, Mezzy," said Cordy, trying to say what was proper. And not a word did they say about being better off themselves. And when Mezahab was gone, Discordia resolved not to smile while he was in the midst of family trouble. However, at eighteen, smiles are natural to a healthy, happy girl, and when some girl-friends came that very afternoon to ask her to go bathing, though Cordy said "she didn't think it was right," Mrs. Peck called out:

"Why, Cordy, what a goose you are! Why shouldn't you bathe! Because Mez Dunn's gran'ther is dead?"

And Cordy, not to be laughed at, went with the girls. But the bath did not do her much good. She returned as pale as a ghost, and with her finger elaborately wrapped up in a piece of her new handkerchief. And that night she cried herself to sleep, and the next day—yes, and for many days after—she was sad instead of cheery, and answered what was said to her in the briefest manner.

To any question put to her, however, she only replied:

"I don't think it would be right for me to be happy when Mezzy has gone to his grand-father's funeral."

Meanwhile Mezahab was on his homeward way.

He felt very sorry when he looked at the dead face of his grandfather, and had read his age on his coffin-plate—ninety.

He had choked a little, and had a lump in his throat, when he saw his father cry, and he had felt that it was rather a mean thing to sit down and hear the old man's will read.

But now that it was over, and he knew that he had two thousand of his own, and more holidays together than he had ever had before, and remembered he would so soon marry Cordy, he could not feel very miserable; and when they stopped for dinner at a road-side tavern he walked out with a cigar in his mouth, and began, involuntarily, to build air-castles, in which a little home of his own, painted white, with green shutters, occupied a prominent place, and he had even gone to the length of putting up a porch—Cordy liked a house with a good porch—when a voice at his ear said:

"Shan't I tell your fortune, mister?"

And turning, he saw at his side a dark and dirty little woman with a baby on her back—a gipsy woman, though Mezahab did not did know it, for no gipsies had ever camped near his home—a poor, squalid thing, not in the least like the gipsy of the ballad.

But though Mezahab had not heard of gipsies, he knew about fortune-tellers.

There was one at home, and the girls went to her slyly of winter evenings, and she was reported to "tell true;" so not one whit astonished, he looked down at the woman from his height of six feet, and said:

"Thank-ee; my fortune's told. I've jest had it left me in a will—I don't need to know about it."

"Yes, but there's other things than money," said the woman. "That pretty girl you are in love with, mister."

"Oh, that's told, too," said Mezahab, with a laugh. "She's got my engagement-ring on her finger."

And he turned away.

There was no money to be got from Mezahab, that was plain, and the gipsy was furious. In her wrath she launched a random arrow.

"Your ring!" cried she. "Why she's give it away to another man. You look out for that girl; she's a regular flirt."

"I say," cried Mezahab—"I say——"

But the gipsy had hurried away.

"Pshaw!" said Mezahab. "I ain't such a fool as to mind her."

But he knew he did mind her.

He knew that from that moment he could think of nothing but of getting home to Cordy and making very sure that she still had the ring upon her finger.

When he did appear in the low doorway of the Pecks' kitchen the next day, Discordia was on her knees before the fire making toast.

Daylight was fading, and tea was on the table.

She arose and ran to meet him, and he kissed her.

The forefinger of her left hand was in its work-day guise, wrapped in a piece of muslin.

Of course the ring was under the wrap, but Mezahab felt that he should like to see it, and it was hard to wait until tea was over. He had no appetite, nor did it improve his condition to see that Cordy had none either.

How pale she was! How often she looked down!

Mezahab felt, as he inwardly expressed it, "like he had the chills."

But tea was over at last, and the long talk with the elder Pecks, and now came the time when Cordy and he sat together in the parlor.

Then, with inward shivering worse than ever, Mezahab turned to Discordia.

"Seems to me you keep your finger well wrapped up this evening, Cordy," he said.

Cordy's lip quivered.

"Oh, Mezzy!" she said. "There, now; the first thing, just as I said to myself, Mezzy. I've lost the ring! I went to bathe with Ray and Nannie last Thursday; somehow I didn't want to, but they coaxed me to, and I lost the ring. I'd wrapped my finger up, but it slipped off all the same; it was loose, you know."

Mezahab caught Discordia's hand, and his eyes grew greener than ever, and glittered fiercely.

"Who saw you? Who knew of your losing it, Cordy?" said he.

"Nobody," said poor Cordy. "I felt too bad to tell a soul."

"A likely story, indeed," said Mezahab, flinging her hand away; "as if you wouldn't have screeched out! I know girls better than that. Pshaw! I was told you'd given it away to another man; now I know you have——"

"Who told you such a lie?" cried Discordia. "Oh, Mezzy, you know better."

But there was no power in her to persuade Mezahab to belief; and before a week was over the whole little world of that little village knew that Mrs. Peck's Cordy and Mrs. Dunn's Mezzy had fallen out, and that Mezzy Dunn had shipped with Captain Kidder, and was going on a voyage.

"She's gone and flirted with someone," said the matrons.

"He's changed his mind," said the maidens.

But Cordy kept her story to herself.

She wept incessantly, until her eyes were rather red than black.

He, glum and miserable, did his tasks upon the ship still lying at the dock, but to depart on the morrow.

"Orders is," said the captain's mate to Mezahab, who was splicing a rope—"orders is that you're to catch fish for the captain's supper."

Mezahab nodded.

When the rope was spliced he took his line and went to the proper spot and set to work.

He had pride in his profession still, and when he caught a small and bony fish he threw it away.

Nothing under a five-pound fish would be the proper thing in his opinion for so good a fisherman as he was known to be to provide for the captain's supper; but small fish seemed to be plentiful, and large ones scarce.

It was an hour before he caught one of the size he wanted.

Then he tried for another.

At last he had two; but when he dumped them down before the cook, that functionary grumbled about the shortness of the time allowed for cleaning them.

"I'll help, then," growled Mezahab.

And knife in hand, he attacked the fish. One was cleaned without event; but as Mezahab's knife entered the other, something fell glittering on the table.

Mezahab glared at it.

Had he gone mad? he asked himself.

There lay a ring exactly like the one he had given Discordia.

He picked it up and wiped it on his sleeve.

Yes, it was the ring, for on the inner side he read the words he had caused the jeweller to have engraved there—

"Cordy from Mez.
This here ring has no end;
So is my love to you, my friend."

"Cappin," said the cook, five minutes after, "that there new hand has run off crazy; reckoned 'twas my duty to report."

But Mezahab, though he flew along the road with a knife in one hand and a ring in the other, was only just coming to his senses.

When he rushed into the Pecks' kitchen brandishing that knife, Cordy had no doubt whatever that he intended to kill her; but instead, he threw away the knife and caught her hand and slipped the ring upon it.

"You did lose it, Cordy," said he. "I found it."

"Where? Oh, where, Mezzy?" sobbed Cordy.

"In a fish's mouth," said Mezahab, briefly. "I reckon he swallowed it;" and he brushed away the fish-scales with which he had also adorned his lady's hand.

Then Cordy should have shown her spirit and punished Mezahab by coldness and reproaches, but she couldn't—she was too happy.

And so Mezahab did not go upon that voyage with Captain Kidder; and very shortly Discordia Jane Peck was married to Mezahab Dunn; and the ring the fish had appropriated was only keeper of a wedding-ring.

ATTRIBUTES OF THE GEMS.

Garnet—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

Amethyst—Preservative against violent passions and drunkenness.

Bloodstone—Courage and wisdom in perilous undertakings and firmness in affection.

Sapphire—Frees from enchantment and denotes repentence and kindness of disposition.

Emerald—Discovers false witnesses, and insures happiness in love and domestic felicity.

Agate—Causes its wearer to be invincible in all feats of strength, insures long life, health and prosperity.

Ruby—Discovers poisons; it also insures the cure of all evils springing from the unkindness of friends.

Sardonyx—Insures conjugal felicity.

Chrysolite—Frees from passions and from sadness of the mind.

Opal—Denotes hope and sharpens the sight of the possessor of it.

Topaz—Fidelity and friendship; calms the passions and prevents bad dreams.

Turquoit—Prosperity in love.

Moonstone—Worn as an amulet by the Orientals to protect them from harm and danger, now much admired for its silvery light and the good luck it is fancied attaches to the wearer.

WOMEN IN THE CRICKET-FIELD.—Ladies made their appearance in the cricket-field so long ago as 1797, when 11 married women of Bury, Eng. beat 11 unmarried women by 80 notches. In the British Museum there is a sketch by Rowlandson of a match that took place in 1811 between two female elevens of Surrey and Hampshire for 500 guineas; and Mr. Box tells us that "the performers were of all ages and sizes, from 14 to 60; the young had shawls, and the old long cloaks. The match was won at 3 o'clock on the third day by the Hampshire eleven, one of the latter making a score of 40 before she was thrown out." There is said to be a girl's school in Somersetshire where cricket is allowed and where a special dress is worn for the purpose, and it is added that the best cricketers make the best scholars. The account of ladies connected with cricket is, however, very limited; for, with the exception of these particulars and two or three matches in 1823, and one in Australia in 1874, there is nothing else recorded of them.

—An uptown man told a friend in a car the other night that he "kept abed" these mornings till nine o'clock. Naturally, the people wondered what he did with it after that hour.

—"Early to bed" is a splendid maxim, and it does a young man's heart good, to see his girl's parents, of a Sunday evening, preparing to put it in practice by vacating the parlor.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

T.

[CONTINUED.]

TAWDRY

Signifies garish or gaudy; with starling and discordant colors. This term is said to be derived from the shrine and altar of St. Audrey, in the Isle of Ely, which for finery exceeded all others thereabouts, so as even to become proverbial. Hence any finely-dressed man or woman was said to be all St. Audrey, and by contraction, *all tawdry*.

TEACH YOUR GRANNY TO SUCK EGGS.

This phrase is one of the many which can be traced to the Latin proverbs, as for instance:

"*Aquillam volare delphinum natare docee.*" Literally meaning: teaching an eagle to fly, or a dolphin to swim, to sup sour milk, etc. Or "*Ne sus Minervam,*"—Let not a pig presume to teach Minerva, (one of the great divinities of the Greeks—a goddess in whom power and wisdom were harmoniously blended.) The proverb is applied to a stupid person, who presumes to set right an intelligent one. Hence, "Teach your granny to suck eggs." Thus time and labor are thrown away to lectures, others upon subjects with which they are more familiar than you are.

TELEGRAPH

is thus shadowed forth in the Bible: "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which had wings shall tell the matter."—Eccles X. 20.

TELESCOPE, ORIGIN OF.

The son of a spectacle maker of Middleburg, in Holland, happened to amuse himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his fingers and thumb, and varying their distances, perceived the weathercock of the church spire opposite to him much larger than ordinary, and apparently much nearer and turned upside down. This new wonder excited the father's amazement; he adjusted two glasses on a board, and thus formed the first rude perspective glass. Galileo, hearing of the invention, set his mind to work in order to bring it to perfection. He fixed glasses at the end of long organ pipes, and constructed a telescope, which he soon directed to the surrounding heavens. He discovered four moons revolving round the planet Jupiter, spots around the surface of the sun, and the rotation of the globe around its own axis; mountains and valleys in the moon, and numbers of fixed stars, where scarcely one is visible to the naked eye. These discoveries were made about the year 1610; since that period, by means of improved instruments, the celestial wonders of the world have been explored.

TEXTS, ORIGIN OF.

The taking of a text seems to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law, and after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said Amen, "read in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Previously to that time the Patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people. It was not until after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which period they had almost forgotten the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read Scripture to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In latter times the book of Moses was thus read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. To this custom the Saviour conformed and at Nazareth read passages from the Prophet Isaiah; then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the dark ages, when the ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

"*Quod bona est tenete,*" *a tyxte of trouthe's makying.*—Piers Ploughman, P. 63.

THANK MY STARS.

This phrase became common at a period when astrology was looked upon as a science, and men yielded to its supernatural, if not wicked, and sinful influence. The stars, then, not monarchs ruled. "Thank my stars," rulers of my fate—my destiny. I have escaped from that great danger.

"My lucky stars," is another phrase which can be traced to the age of astrological influence.

THAT'S A BITE.

This is a modern slang phrase, and used, we regret to say, (not unfrequently) in high circles. Its proper signification is to be found in the Spectator, No. 504:

"A bitter is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it, and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you."

Richardson says: "A bite, applied from the simpleness, silliness, eagerness with which fish *bite*, or catch the *bait*, to that unsuspecting credulity which seizes and swallows whatever is imposed upon it."

Swift uses it thus: "I'll teach you a way to out Mrs. Johnson; it is a new fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; then cry you, *madam, there's a bite.*"

THAT'S A BULL.

This became a proverb from the repeated blunders of one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer of London, who lived in the reign of King Henry VIII.

THAT'S PLAYED OUT.

This phrase originated in Mrs. Cunningham's trial, New York, when an attempt was made by the opposite lawyer to introduce bogus testimony.

It is, however, simply another version of an older saying, "Your cake's all dough," or the more emphatic one of "No go."

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

This phrase owes its origin to a very amusing incident: A gentleman of western Pennsylvania, by the name of Allen, was dragging logs to a clearing. The log had been secured with a chain, the order was given to start, but it would not move; several unsuccessful attempts were made, but in vain—there was some impediment unperceived by the persons engaged in the work. A little boy, son of Mr. Allen, of some four years of age, having an eye to the difficulty, ran back to where the log was attached to the cart, and exclaimed, in a loud voice: "*That's what the matter!*" Upon examining what the matter really was, they found that the chain had become fastened to a stump—hence the difficulty. The expressive manner of the boy on making the discovery so excited all present that a roar of laughter followed, and the phrase, "That's what the matter," is among the popular sayings of the day.

THANKSGIVING DAY, ORIGIN OF.

The good old Yankee custom of devoting one day in the year to the Almighty in thanks for the many benefits which, as a people and individuals, we enjoy at His hands, is one that we hope will never become obsolete. Probably some of our readers do not know how the custom originated. It was in one of the early colonies in New England, during the governorship of William Bradford. One year they had not raised enough to live on, and unless help should come from the mother country, England, they must perish. "God," says Winslow, "seemed to deprive us of our future hopes. The most courageous were discouraged because He who had hitherto been our shield and supporter, now seemed in his anger to arm himself against us, and who can withstand the fierceness of his wrath?" To add to their sorrow the colonists learned of abundant supplies that had been shipped for them many months before, and now the shattered remnants of a wreck; which were driven ashore by the waves, seemed to the desponding Pilgrims to furnish undoubted evidence that friends, and their long-expected stores had perished together in the storm.

It was a sorrowful time, and privately and unitedly they offered up earnest prayers to God, with solemn confessions of sin.

A day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by public authority, and especially set apart for casting themselves as a people on the mercy and long suffering goodness of God, who had so often proved himself a very present help in time of trouble.

The day before that so appointed, a ship laden with provisions arrived, and the fast day was changed to a thanksgiving day, and it was therefore commemorated yearly. Would you not have been truly thankful at such a time? Was there not reason to be most thankful at such a time? But is there not reason to be more thankful to the kind Providence that has given the sunshine and rain, the favoring seed time and the bountiful harvest, and thus prevented our being reduced to danger of starving? When the day comes sit down in the morning and endeavor to write how many kindnesses you have received during the previous year, and you will soon find that there is call enough to be grateful to the Giver of all good.

THREE OUTS.

When three persons go into a public house and call for liquor generally considered only sufficient for two, and have a glass which will divide it into three equal portions, they are said to drink *three outs*. This gave rise to the most complete version of the phrase, and that is, "Out of wit, out of the head, and money out of the purse."

THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

In the 24th year of the reign of Henry VIII, Oct. 3, a law was passed by the magistracy of Westham, for the purpose of preventing unauthorized persons from setting "*nettes, pottes and annoyances*, or in anywise taking fish within the privilege of the march of Pervensey. The King's commission was directed to John Moor, of Lewes, Richard, Abbot of Begeham; John, Prior of Mychillyn; Thomas, Lord Dacre, and others. Upon the proceedings of this meeting, which was held at Gotham, near Pervensey, the facetious Andrew Borde, a native of that town, founded his "Merrie Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham."

THE BELLY HAS NO EARS.

A very apt proverb, and a sensible rebuke to those who have neither the civility or discretion to refrain from talking while a hungry man is eating.

True Christian charity, it is said, consists in feeding a hungry man first, and praying with him afterwards. Words of grace sit coldly on an empty stomach.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Although there are several origins given of this saying, (so far-fetched and foolish that we omit them here), the most sensible one is this: The moon when at its full presents a most remarkable, as well as interesting picture, in its grandeur and sublimity. Those dark features in it assume various forms and shapes, according to the optical delusions of the spectators. One sees mountains, and rivers—others vast hills and valleys; while others, and the greater number no doubt, distinguish in the disc something resembling a human face, which gave rise to the expression, "the man in the moon."

THE NINE OF DIAMONDS.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, 1870, speaking upon the subject "Why is the nine of diamonds called the curse of Scotland?" says: "This question is often asked at card parties without any one being able satisfactorily to answer it. The writer offers the three following reasons why this card is so distinguished, and the reader may take all or either of them as the answer to the question:—1st. In the turbulent times of Mary Queen of Scots, a daring fellow named George Campbell (a kind of English Colonel Blood), attempted to steal the crown out of Edinburgh Castle. In this attempt he failed, but succeeded in extracting nine valuable jewels therefrom, and he got out of the country with his ill-gotten gain. Such was the loss considered at the time, that a heavy tax was laid upon the whole kingdom to replace the nine diamonds stolen by Campbell, and the tax-payers considered it such a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland. The writer of this article perfectly recollects, nearly forty years ago, this card being often called George Campbell in the North Highlands of Scotland. 2nd. Every one the least acquainted with British history will remember reading the massacre of Glencoe. The bloody mandate for destroying a whole tribe of McDonalds, was signed by the oldest son of the Earl of Stair, then called the Master of Stair, who was at that time Secretary of State for Scotland. The Stair family has nine diamonds in the shield of their coat-of-arms, and the people of Scotland considered the destruction of a whole race a curse, and associated the deed with the person who issued the order; and as it was not safe then to say that the Master of Stair was the curse of Scotland, the people applied the term to his shield containing the nine diamonds. 3d. Is said to be consequent upon the battle of Culloden. That event at the time was considered a national curse. William Duke of Cumberland, who was known to be a gambler and fond of cards, is said to have often carried a pack in his pocket; and the first account of his victory of Culloden is said to have been written on the field upon the back of the Nine of Diamonds."

THERE IS MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

This proverb can be traced back more than three thousand years, when it appears to have been used in the following case: A certain man named Amaseus was once told by a servant whom he had pressed with hard labor in his vineyard, that he never would taste of the produce of his vines. He had already the cup in his hands, and called the prophet to convince him of his falsehood, when the servant, yet firm in his prediction, uttered this well known proverb: "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." At that very moment Amaseus was told that a wild boar had entered his vineyard, upon which he threw down the cup and ran to drive away the beast, and was killed in the attempt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Harmless

and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powder, chalk, moss fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

MAKE ME A SONG.

Out of the silence make me a song,
Beautiful, sad and soft and low;
Let the loneliest music sound along
And wing each note with a wail of woe,
Dim and drear
As hope's last tear.
Out of the silence make me a hymn,
Whose sounds are shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness in your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Make me but one thou child of art,
The song of a hope in a last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe,
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Soft as snowflakes, wild as a moan.

Out of the darkness flash me a song,
Brightly dark and darkly bright,
Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along
The mystic shadows of the night.
Sing it sweet;
My soul to greet,
Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim,
And earth-songs melt into heaven's hymn.

Saved by a Song.

BY ANGELO D. LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas eve. A cold old fashioned Christmas, with snow lying thick on the ground, and still falling heavily, with a touch of fog in the air. It was past ten o'clock, and the streets and lanes of the great city were all but deserted. Here and there the gleam from a solitary window struggled ineffectually with the outer darkness, and served but to bring into stronger relief the general gloom and solitude.

And nowhere was the darkness deeper, or the sense of desolation more profound, than in St. Winifred's court. The court is bounded on one side by St. Winifred's church, while in one corner stands a quaint old house, many years the residence of St. Winifred's organist, Michael Fray.

The only sign of life, on this Christmas eve, in St. Winifred's court, was a faint gleam of flickering firelight proceeding from one of the windows of the quaint three-cornered house in which Michael Fray passed his solitary existence. Many years before the period of our story, the same month had taken from him wife and child, and since that time Michael Fray had lived desolate, his only solace being the rare old organ, the friend and companion of his lonely hours. The loss of his wife and daughter had left him without kith or kin. His father and mother had died in his early youth, and an only brother, a gifted but wayward youth, had in early life run away to sea, and had there found a watery grave. Being thus left alone in the world, Michael Fray's love for music, which had always been the most marked feature of his character, had become intensified into an absolute passion. Evening after evening, when darkness had settled on the city, and none could complain that his music interfered with business, or distracted the attention from the nobler clink of gold, he was accustomed to creep quietly into the church, and there "talk to himself," as he called it, at the old organ, which answered him back again with a tender sympathy and power of consolation which no mere human listener could ever have afforded. The organ of St. Winifred's was of comparatively small size, and made but scanty show of pipes and pedals; but the blackened case of yellow, much-worn keys had been fashioned by the cunning brain and skillful fingers of "Father Smith" himself, and never had the renowned old organ-builder turned out a more skilful piece of workmanship. And Michael Fray, by use of years and loving tender study, had got by heart every pipe and note in the rare old instrument, and had acquired an almost magical power of bringing out its tenderest tones and noblest harmonies.

Hear him this Christmas eve, as he sits before the ancient keyboard, one feeble candle dimly glimmering over the well-worn page before him; flickering weirdly over the ancient carving, and calling into momentary life the effigies of mitred abbot and mailed crusader. A feeble old man, whose sands of life have all but run out; a sadly weak and tremulous old man, with shaking hands and dim uncertain eyes. But when they are placed upon those yellow keys, the shaking hands shake no longer; the feeble sight finds no labor in those well-remembered pages. Under the touch of Michael Fray's deft fingers the ancient organ becomes instinct with life and harmony. The grand old masters lend their noblest strains, and could they revisit earth, would need no better interpreter. From saddest wail of sorrow to sweetest strain of consolation,—from the dirge for the loved and lost to the pean of the jubilant victor, each shade of human passion, each tender message of divine encouragement, take form and color in succession, under the magic of that old man's touch. Thus, sometimes borrowing the song of other singers, sometimes wandering into quaint Æolian harmonies, the spontaneous overflow of his own rare genius, Michael Fray sat, and made music, charming his sorrows to temporary sleep.

Time crept on, but the player heeded it not, till the heavy bell in the tower above his head boomed forth the hour of midnight and recalled him to reality again. With two or three wailing minor chords he brought his weird improvisation to an end.

"Dear me," he said, with a heavy sigh, "Christmas again! Christmas again! How many times, I wonder? Each time I think, 'Well, this will be the last;' and yet Christmas comes again, and finds me here still, all alone. Dear, dear! First, poor Dick; and then my darling Alice and little Nell—all gone! Young and bright and merry—all taken! And here am I—old, sad, and friendless—and yet I live on, live on! Well, I suppose God knows best!" While thus thinking aloud, the old man was apparently searching for something among his music books, and now produced an ancient page of manuscript, worn almost to fragments, but pasted, for preservation, on a piece of paper of later date. "Yes, here it is; poor Dick's Christmas song. What a sweet voice he had, dear boy! If he had only lived—but there! I'm murmuring again. God's will be done!"

He placed the music on the desk before him, and, after a moment's pause, began, in tender flute-like tones, to play the melody, at the same time crooning the words in a feeble voice. He played one verse of the song, then stopped and drew his sleeve across his eyes. The sense of his desolation appeared to come anew upon him; he seemed to shrink down, doubly old, doubly feeble, doubly forsaken—when, lo! a marvel! Suddenly from the lonely street without, in that chill midnight, came the sound of a violin, and a sweet young voice singing the self-same words to the self-same tender air—the song written by his dead-and-gone brother forty years before.

The effect on Michael Fray was electrical. For a moment he staggered, but caught at the key board before him, and held it with a convulsive grasp.

"Am I dreaming? or are my senses leaving me? Poor Dick's Christmas carol; and I could almost swear the voice is my lost Nellie's. Can this be death at last? and are the angels welcoming me home with the song I have loved so dearly? No, surely; either I am going mad, or that is a real living voice! But whose—whose? Heaven help me to find out!" And with his whole frame quivering with excitement—without pausing even to close the organ, or to extinguish his flickering candle—the old man groped his way down the narrow winding stair which led to the street, and, hurriedly closing the door behind him, stepped forth bareheaded into the snowy night.

CHAPTER II.

For some hours before Michael Fray was startled, as we have related, by the mysterious echo of his brother's song, an old man and a young girl had been making their way citywards from the south-eastern side of London. Both walked wearily, as though they had tramped from a long distance; and once or twice the young girl wiped away a tear, though she strove hard to hide it from her companion, and forced herself to speak with a cheerfulness in strange contrast with her sunken cheeks and footsore gait. Every now and then, in passing through the more frequented streets, they would pause; and the man, who carried a violin, would strike up some old ballad tune with a vigor and power of execution which even his frost-nipped fingers and weary limbs could not wholly destroy; while the girl, with a sweet though very sad voice, accompanied him with the appropriate words. But their attempts were miserably unproductive. In such bitter weather, few who could help it would stay away from their warm fireides; and those whom stern necessity kept out of doors seemed only bent on dispatching their several tasks, and to have no time or thought to expend on a couple of wandering tramps singing by the roadside. Still they toiled on, every now and then making a fresh "pitch" at some likely corner, only too often ordered to "move on" by a stern policeman. As they drew nearer to the city, and the hour grew later, the passers-by became fewer and further between, and the poor wanderers felt that it was idle even to seek for charity in those deserted silent streets. At last the old man stopped and groaned aloud.

"What is 't, grandfather dear? Don't give in now, when we have come so far. Lean on me—do; I'm hardly tired at all; and I daresay we shall do better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the old man bitterly; "to-morrow it will be too late. I don't mind hunger, and I don't mind cold; but the shame of it, the disgrace—after having struggled against it all these years—to come to the workhouse at last! It isn't for myself I mind—beggars musn't be choosers; and I daresay better men than I have slept in a casual ward—but you, my tender little Lily. The thought breaks my heart!—it kills me!" And the old man sobbed aloud.

"Dear grandfather, you are always thinking of me, and never of yourself. What does it matter after all? it's only the name of the thing. I'm sure I don't mind it one bit." The shudder of horror which passed over the girl's frame gave the lie to her pious falsehood; "I daresay it is not so very bad, and after all, something may happen to prevent it even now."

"What can happen, short of a miracle, in these deserted streets?"

"Well, let us hope for the miracle then, dear. God has never quite deserted us in our deepest troubles, and I don't believe He will forsake us now."

As she spoke she drew her thin shawl more closely round her, shivering in spite of herself under the cold blast, which seemed to receive no check from her scanty coverings. Again the pair crept on, and passing beneath the lofty wall of St. Winifred's Church, stood beneath it for a temporary shelter from the driving wind and snow. While so standing they caught the faint sounds of the organ pealing within.

"Noble music," said the old man, as the final chords died away; "noble music, and a soul in the playing. That man, whoever he may be, should have a generous heart."

"Hush, grandfather," said the girl; "he is beginning to play again."

Scarcely had the music commenced, however, than the pair gazed at each other in breathless surprise.

"Lily, darling, do you hear what he is playing?" said the old man in an excited whisper.

"A strange coincidence," the girl replied.

"Strange! it is more than strange! Lily, darling, who could play that song?"

The melody came to an end, and all was silence. There was a moment's pause, and then, as if by a common impulse, the old man drew his bow across the strings, and the girl's sweet voice carolled forth the second verse of the song. Scarcely had they ended, when a door opened at the foot of the church tower just beside them, and Michael Fray, bareheaded, with his scanty locks blown about by the winter wind, stood before them. He hurried forward, and then stood still, shamefaced, bewildered. The song had called up the vision of a gallant young sailor, full of life and health, as Michael had seen his brother for the last time on the day when he sailed on his fatal voyage. He had hurried forth forgetting the years that had past, full of happy boyish days; to find, alas, only a couple of wandering beggars, singing for bread.

"I beg your pardon," he said, striving vainly to master his emotion, "you sang a song just now which—which—a song which was a favorite of a dear friend of mine many years ago. Will you—will you tell me where you got it?"

"By the best of all titles, sir," the old fiddler answered, drawing himself up with a touch of artistic pride; "I wrote it myself, words and music both."

"Nay, sir," said Michael sternly, "you rob the dead. A dearly loved brother of mine wrote that song forty years ago."

"Well, upon my word!" said the old fiddler, waxing wroth—"then your brother must have stolen it from ME! What might this precious brother's name be, pray?"

"An honest name, a name I am proud to speak," said Michael, firing up in his turn; "his name was Richard Fray!"

The old street musician staggered as if he had received a blow.

"What!" he exclaimed, peering eagerly into the other's face; "then you are my brother Michael, for *I* am Richard Fray!"

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later, and the brothers so long parted, so strangely brought together, were seated round a roaring fire in Michael Fray's quaint three-cornered parlor. Michael's stores had been ransacked for warm dry clothing for the wanderers. Drawers long closed, yielding when opened a sweet scent of lavender, and containing homely skirts and bodices, kept still in loving memory of little Nell, gave up their treasures for Lily's benefit, and Richard Fray's snow-sodden clothes were replaced by Michael's choicest coat and softest slippers. The wanderers had done full justice to a plentiful meal, and a jug of fragrant punch now steamed upon the hob, and was laid under frequent contributions, while Richard Fray told the story of thirty years' wandering, and the brothers found how it come to pass that, each thinking the other dead, they had lived their lives, and married, and buried their dear ones, being sometimes but a few miles apart, and yet as distant as though severed by the grim Divider himself. And Lily sat on a cushion at her grandfather's feet, a picture of quiet happiness, and sang sweet songs to please the two old men, while Michael lovingly traced in her soft features fanciful likenesses to his lost Nelly, the strange similarity of the sweet voice aiding the tender illusion. And surely no happier family party was gathered together in all England on that Christmas-tide, than that little group round Michael Fray's quiet fireside.

* * * * * * * *

"Well, grandfather, dear," said Lily, after a pause, "won't you believe in miracles now?"

"My darling," said the old man, with his voice broken with emotion, "God forgive me for having ever doubted Him!"

A Lucky Tumble.

When Mrs. Snatcham asked me, "knowing my usual kindness," whether I would watch the baby in her cradle, "just for half an hour," I felt that a crisis had come. I must leave Mrs. Snatcham's.

I say *Mrs.* Snatcham for Mr. Snatcham was not unduly prominent in his own house. He was a meek man, with tearful eyes. Mrs. Snatcham was—well, a woman with a will, and she had eyes which made you feel uncomfortable. I had been private tutor in the family for twelve months. My charge consisted of four young gentlemen, of strong bodies and perverse dispositions. They quarrelled incessantly on all points save one. Against their lawless tutor they combined heartily. Their cry was ever "War to the knife!" I had borne it all; I might have continued to bear it all, but no, I could not take charge of the baby, even for half an hour. I must bid the Snatcham's adieu.

I was gloomily cogitating my next movement when a letter arrived for me from the only near relative I possessed, an old uncle, to whom I had written detailing my troubles.

"Look here, Harry," it ran, "if you've a mind to live in peace, and die worth money, you forget all about your Latin and Greek, and such. Fine things they are, I daresay, but I never saw that they turned into much beef or mutton. You put your books in the fire, and your pride in your pocket, and never take it out again. You know what I was in early life, nephew. I kept a shop—a general shop—in a country town, and I didn't do so badly. Well, I've just heard the good-will and stock-in-trade of a shop of this kind, in a little town fifty miles from London, is for sale; and say the word, and-I'll buy it for you. And, as your education has been so neglected that you'd know nothing of such a business, I'll come and steer you aright for a time, until fortune is before you. There now!"

Humph! I gave a gasp or two at this grand proposition of my worthy relative. Private tutorship at the Snatchams' was poor enough, but the keeping of "a shop of all sorts" in a country town, under the guidance of my good uncle! Well, it was the old story, "We never know what we may come to."

And so I left the Snatcham's and the twenty pounds a year they gave me (by-the-by, I believe my successor received only eighteen guineas, and did *not* object to mind the baby), and wrote to my uncle that I was ready to accompany him to the—the shop. Alas, for the vanity of human designs! News came back that my relative had died suddenly, and had left the whole of his property to the "Sausage-makers' Benevolent Institution," of which he had been a vice-president, in company (to his great delight) with half a dozen nobles of the land.

However, all the money needful on my account had been paid, and rather than return to the horrors of private tutorship, I secured the services of an experienced shopman, and determined to try my fortune in the new direction so lauded by my deceased relative.

I do not want to lengthen my story, and therefore I will comprise a great deal in one short sentence. I tried and I failed.

I soon began to perceive not so very far off, not the fortune my uncle had foretold, but bankruptcy and the workhouse. And when these pleasant prospects came very distinctly to my mental vision, then it was I engaged to marry!

Thus it happened. I became attached to the only daughter of a widow, living some ten miles from my abode. It was a speedy acquaintance and a quick acceptance by the young lady, but somehow the mother, without actually objecting, would not agree, and I pressed Miss Lucy for the reason.

"I have told you, you are going to starvation," I said. "My place is a failure, and in a month we shall be in the workhouse; the prospects are clear and charming, and you are quite satisfied. What is it, then, that troubles your mamma?"

"Well," answered Lucy, "it is very foolish of mamma to conceal from you something which you evidently don't know, though I wonder at your ignorance. It is your—your establishment."

"Shop, we generally call it, Lucy; but how do——"

"Don't you know it's haunted?"

"Cannot say I do, and I don't care if it is."

"But if I am to live with you there, I care very much. They say that for several nights after his death, old Jenks, the former owner, was seen in his shop, in a great nightcap, and with a large carving-knife."

"A most formidable and disagreeable sort of ghost, I must say; but how have you heard this?"

"Ah! there's the secret, although I cannot imagine how the story of mamma's former connection with old Mr. Jenks has not come to your ears. Now, listen to me. But first solemnly promise you will not repeat what I am about to tell you. There, hold your tongue, and don't interrupt me. You are so fond of hearing yourself talk. Men are so much given that way. I've told you half the truth, and that is more than you deserve. Well, the other half, which you might so easily have known if you had not been so stupid, runs thus: Mr. Jenks fell violently in love with mamma, and offered her marriage, and mamma refused him, and Mr. Jenks went mad, and one day he presented a pistol at his head, and——"

"Good gracious!"

"Would have killed himself, but somebody knocked him down, and the pistol went off, and mamma was standing close by, and——"

"Mercy on me!"

"Was nearly killed—with fright. Then when Mr. Jenks came to his senses, he was so sorry, and though he couldn't have mamma (for she married papa he made a will in mamma's favor, leaving her everything. He told mamma so positively one day when he was poorly, taking some gruel. Then he died; but though search was made, high and low, no will could be found, and a rich old heir-at-law came in for everything. And there's the reason mamma cannot bear that place. And, please, what is to be done?"

It was a curious story, and I had not heard a word of it before. And as to what was to be done, that was a puzzle. I could move, of course, but where to, and with what prospects of doing better, and where were the costs of removal to come from? So I said I must argue the point with Mrs. Barton, and this I did, and having overcome her scruples, it was agreed the marriage should take place at once, and that we should all live together and face the ghost, if need be, and, which were of much more importance, the difficulties of the situation.

And so Lucy and I were married, and, of course were supremely happy, and it was not until three writs had been served upon and four lawyer's letters been sent me, and the gas company had cut off the gas, and the landlord given me notice to quit, that with just a little feeling of apprehension we began to consider what next.

One night, after rather a long conference on the state of affairs, when Lucy had apparently fallen into a deep sleep, I roused up suddenly, fancying I heard a sound below. Very gently rising, so as not to wake my wife, I left the room, and looked down the stairs into the shop. A little light entered through some apertures at the top of the shutters, and to my astonishment and alarm I saw a figure in white behind the counter, in the act, as it seemed, of opening one of the canisters. Was it Mr. Jenks' ghost? The light was insufficient to show me more than the bare outline of the figure, and the slight movement of the arms. I watched with rather a beating heart, I confess, for a minute, and then I thought that before seeking closer quarters with what might be an apparition, but which much more probably was a burglar in his shirt-sleeves, I would don some garments; so, refraining from going back into the bed-room and frightening my wife, I went to an upper room and procured some there. Then I again descended, and the figure was gone. I went into the shop; all in order. So, much marvelling, I went to bed.

When next morning I told the story my companions were scared.

"Let us go—let us get out of the unlucky place," said my wife, passionately. "Whatever there is, Harry, sell it at an 'alarming sacrifice,' and then you must get a secretaryship under Government, or a judgeship in the colonies, or something of that kind. Mamma's sixth cousin's husband is—is—well, I forget what he is, but there's some connection or other between him and a member of Parliament, and he must do something for you, that's what it comes to. So now, please, we'll go as soon as possible."

It was painful, but it was necessary, to explain to my dear young wife that the powers of her mamma's distinguished relative, even should he be willing to exert them, were probably limited. Lucy would not believe it. And the letter was written—and was not answered.

Well, now for the workhouse. And upon my word I do think something dreadful would have occurred——

A few nights on—again that sound. "Lucy," I said gently, but she did not rouse, and I thought perhaps I had better not disturb her. It was quite dark as I very quietly dressed in part, and then stepped out on to the stairs. Again, a little of very early morning coming through the shutters revealed faintly a white figure behind the counter in the shop, its arms waving to and fro, and its head bending over as though speaking to a customer. I strained my eyes, but nothing more could I make out than that the head of the figure was white.

"It must be the veritable Jenks," I said to myself; "and that is his nightcap. Where is the carving-knife, though?"

One would have thought that the apparition heard me, for it moved aside, took something and waved it in the air. It was my shop carving-knife.

Presently the figure rose, and began to ascend the stairs. It was a hard matter to stand my ground, but I did, and then I saw before me Lucy, my wife! She was walking in her sleep. Fearing to wake her, I stood aside to let her pass, and my foot slipped, and I fell heavily to the bottom of the stairs.

Directly all was confusion. Mrs. Barton, the shopman, and our small servant ran out of their bed-rooms; and Lucy, awaking, shrieked and fainted. But I was the worst off. So heavy had been my fall that I had actually broken in the flooring at the foot of the staircase, and it was with some difficulty they extricated me.

Putting my hands behind me, to assist myself they touched what seemed to be a small leather bag. I drew it forth.

"A money-bag, I declare, and full of coins!"

The shopman and the small maid had retreated, having respect for the proprieties, but my wife and her mother looked on with astonishment.

"Sure enough, money," I continued, jingling the contents of the bag. "Why, there must have been some secret receptacle there, where my venerable predecessor kept his valuables. Here is a paper. Good gra—— what in the world is this?"

They bent over my shoulder as by the light of a solitary candle I read the endorsement—"The Will of Simon Jenks." It was not in any cover, so we read it at once. It was very short, and was roughly drawn and written, as though the form had been copied. But it was duly witnessed and was perfectly intelligible.

The testator bequeathed all his property to Lucy Barton.

When we had drawn breath—"A very lucky tumble," I said, "and my bruises are cured already."

The will was proved under £90,000.

SNOBS.—The word does not exist in France, because they have not the thing. The snob is the child of aristocratical societies; perched on the steps of the long ladder, he respect the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first, and to kick the second.

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, send us their publication "The Nabob," from the French of Alphonse Daudet, translated by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper. Author's edition. This splendid story we noticed at length in the number of the Post for January 19, 1878. It is a wonderful work and is wonderfully translated. It appears now in a beautifully bound volume of 451 pages. It forms one of the "Cobweb Series of Choice Fiction," issued by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat. It is for sale by Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, at the price of $1.50.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have issued another of their delightful "Collection of Foreign Authors," No. VII., called "Renee and Franz," (*Le Blauet*) from the French of Gustave Haller. The plot, to use the language of George Sand, who criticised the original story, "seems to be excellent, artistic, and not overdrawn. I feel sure that the public will encourage this remarkable effort." It is a pure and entrancing story, told in a book of about 196 pages. The sex of the author is not known. The critiques of the Parisian press upon the original work are given at the end of the story. It is published uniformly with the rest of the series in 16mo. volume, bound in paper and in cloth. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., have also published and send us the "Primer of Piano Forte Playing," by Franklin Taylor, with numerous examples. It is a valuable little work on the subject of touch, exercises, fingering, phrasing, ornaments, and special difficulties of brilliant piano forte playing, and is written in a clear style and with a view to really assist and not confuse the pupil. It is a pretty book of 126 pages, bound in neat cloth and is, indeed, a dainty little pocket primer, and cannot fail to serve its purpose.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have published a new work of the celebrated minister, Joseph Cook, called "Orthodoxy, with Preludes on Current Events." It consists of six preludes and eleven lectures, which were delivered in Boston at the Melonaon, the Park Street Church and Tremont Temple, and forms a part of the renowned series of "Boston Monday Lectures," which so electrify the religious world. These lectures are interesting, thoughtful, suggestive, broad, and deep, full of poetry and oratory, and it would be better for the world perhaps if more originality of the same kind emanated from the pulpit. "Orthodoxy Lectures" is a neat book of 243 pages, 12mo., bound in grey cloth, and sold at the price of $1 50. All three of the above publications are for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger of this city.

MAGAZINES.

Wide Awake, an illustrated magazine for young people. The February number comes to us livelier than ever from Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., the publishers, Boston. It is a very charming periodical for little folks, and contains always a host of matter and illustrations.

The February *Wide Awake* opens with a jolly "Snow-storm" as frontispiece, accompanied by a poem from Miss Farman, the editor. Following is "Jack's First Contract," "The Child Toilers of Boston Streets," "Why Julia Changed Her Mind." "The Baby," and "Two Pictures," by Mary A. Lathbury, are poems, the latter finely illustrated. "True Blue," is vital with out-of-door life. Mrs. Whiton has a sweet Valentine poem with a sweet illustration. The sixteenth of the "Poets' Homes" papers gives six pages of matter about Walt Whitman, with three portraits. C. P. Cranch has a poem, "Furnace and Fireside." "A General Misunderstanding," promises to be a remarkable story. "The Boston School for Deaf Mutes" is interesting. "Seeing the Pope," is a timely article. "The Tables Turned," "Naming the Dolly," and the second adventure of "Little Miss Muslin" are funny poems, funnily illustrated. "Lucelet's Anger-storm" is good. Price, $2 per annum, 20 cents a number.

The Nursery, a monthly magazine for younger readers, published by John L. Shorey, of Boston, appears in its February number to have improved in engraving and in matter. The print is very nice for little eyes and the cuts bold and effective. "The Terrible Two," is a neat little poem. "The Famous Mozart Band" and "Shy Little Pansy," are good. There is a "New Method for Catching Mice;" "A Drawing Lesson" by Harrison Wier, of a sheep's head, which is the very thing for the boys. Then there is a little story, "My Kitten," in big type for the wee babies to read, with a nice cut, and a song, "Blow, Blow, East Wind," music and all. This is a very good number. The terms of *The Nursery* are $1.60 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, for January, 1878, comes to us full of very interesting technical matter. It contains nineteen able Original Communications by some of the most celebrated surgeons and physicians of America; four very lengthy and exhaustive reviews; nineteen analytical and biographical notices, and a quarterly summary of the Improvements and Discoveries in Medical Sciences, divided into the several departments of Anatomy and Physiology, one paper; Materia Medica and Therapeutics, six papers; Medicine, twenty-two papers; Surgery, eleven papers; Ophthalmology and Otology, four papers; Midwifery and Gynæcology, six papers; Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology, two papers. This, with American Intelligence, composed of original communications and domestic summary, completes the number. This is one of the best works of its kind in the country.

The Magazine of American History, with notes and queries, edited by John Austin Stevens, reaches us from A. S. Barnes & Co., the publishers, New York and Chicago. This is the January number, being No. 1, of volume II, of this very excellent magazine. "The Fall of the Alamo," the initial number, by R. M. Porter, is a well-written account of that event which stirred the States somewhat in 1836. General J. Watts De Peyster has an article on "Oriskany," and a graphic account of the battle. Isaac J. Greenwood contributes "Remarks on the portraiture of Washington." The editor has a fine sketch of "The Waltons of New York," which is illustrated by a picture of the Walton house in Franklin Square, and a fine steel engraving of William Walton, which appears as a frontispiece. Then follows a number of original documents upon historical subjects, and notes and literary notices of much interest to the American antiquary. It is altogether a very fine magazine, and its paper and typography are really first-class.

The Popular Science Monthly, February supplement, reaches us from its enterprising publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York. It contains 11 suggestive articles of much merit, namely: "The Evolution Theory and its Relations to the Philosophy of Nature," by Prof. E. Haeckel; "The Liberty of Science in the Modern State," by Prof. R. Virchon; "The Curiosities of Credulity," by W. B. Carpenter, M. D., F. R. S.; "The Germ-theory of Disease," by H. Charlton Bastian, M. D., F. R. S.; "John Stuart Mill's Philosophy Tested," by W. Stanley Jevons, F. R. S.,—II; "Dissecting a Daisy," by Prof. Grant Allen; "Dog Poison in Man," by H. W. Ackland, M. D.; "On the Teaching of Natural Philosophy," by Prof. P. G. Tait; "The Little Health of the Ladies," by Frances Power Cobb; "The Action of Light upon the Coloration of the Organic World;" "The Ancient Silk Traders' Route Across Central Asia," and brief notes—a magnificent number.

From H. H. Stoddart, the publisher of the *Poultry World*, Hartford, Conn., we have received three very well-executed chromo lithographs of White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns and Brown Red Games. They are very truthful to nature in design and color, and poultry breeders will do well to look at these pictures. They appear in sets of twelve, and are sold at the very moderate price of 75 cents for the series.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. W. W. Whitney, of Toledo, Ohio, sends us "Cradle Song," by Robert Schumann, arranged for the organ—not difficult. Also, "Otto Waltzes," very sprightly and easy, and adapted to the cabinet organ and piano.

Mr. W. L. Hayden, of Boston, sends us his guitar compositions "Odds and Ends," No. 17, "Letter in the Candle," a pretty song for voice and guitar. No. 25, "Five Beautiful German Waltzes." Also for guitar "Carrie," "Fred," "Eddie," "Elcanore," and "Silver Lake." No. 33, "The Old Oaken Bucket," guitar song. No. 34, "Zither or Rococo Waltz." No. 36, "The Last Rose of Summer," with variations, and No. 37, "Silvery Waltz." They are all moderately difficult, but very pleasing compositions.

ABSENCE OF TEARS IN MADNESS.—The *Lancet* supports the explanation given by one of the London dailies, of the absence of tears in madness. "The victims of crushing woe do not exhibit the symptoms of surface sorrow, but are, as it were, struck dumb with the immensity of their affliction, and stand appalled and overwhelmed, rather than express their grief in the conventional forms of lamentation. It is because the insane are the object of an overpowering and oppressive sense of misery, an agony feeling, that they do not weep. When this is not the true cause of their tearlessness, that phenomenon is due to the absence of a normal interest in the misfortunes they bewail. This lack of sensibility, co-existing with an apparent sense of suffering, is incomparably more curious than the absence of tears."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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[Saturday Gazette.

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[From the Nation.]
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[From the Chicago Tribune.]
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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

Contents of this Number.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE: by Clementine Montagu.—Chapter IV, V and VI.

NORA; OR, THE CONFESSION, by Mary Cecil Hay.—Part I.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.—Chapters XXVI, XXVII and XXVIII.

HOME CULTURE—Chapter XI, continued—Chapter XII.—"Objects of Woman's Higher Culture."

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HOME CULTURE. There is a dignity of style and charm of description about this fine work which classes it among the best of its kind. It should be read thoroughly by mothers and daughters.

LADIES DEPARTMENT, FASHION NOTES, QUERIES, AND FIRESIDE CHAT, etc. This department has grown to be an intensely interesting one and is edited with rare ability. It has attracted and is attracting a large circle of admiring readers. Our lady patrons especially will find this department particularly useful. The *Queries* are very popular already.

THE POST IS CONSCIOUS THAT ITS READERS appreciate the fact that there is not another literary paper of its kind in existence which is so thoroughly and perfectly devoted to the interests of its subscribers. There is not another weekly paper in the world which gives it patrons so much for their money, and which insists, at the same time, so persistently upon QUALITY rather than quantity. For variety and thoroughness, therefore, it is unsurpassed.

THE BEAUTY OF HOME.

The four walls of home should hold within their sacred precincts every man and every woman's Elysium, if ever there is an Elysium upon earth. If it does not do so there is some sinister element or fault at work, and this should be atoned for and remedied. Home should be made beautiful—not by extravagant articles of luxury, but by things which are themselves beautiful. The humblest cottage may often be, and in fact should be, cosier and more comfortable and hence more home-like than a palace. It is far easier to make it so. The bare walls can be transformed into pictured screens at very little expense. Cheap colored danks are not the things wherewith to decorate the room; a mere wood-cut from a paper is a better and a far more artistic work than the ordinary chromo-lithograph, and the wood-engraving is often a copy of some fine picture. Wet it, paste it upon card-board, so as to leave a fair white margin, and enclose it in any kind of frame, and there you have a really better decoration than any mere gaud of color. Oleographs are finer than chromos in many respects and a good oleograph nicely framed sets off a wall to great advantage.

Then in the matter of furniture, one does not need great means to make the room look elegant as well as cosy in this respect. An ordinary pine chair may be transformed under the tasteful fingers of the artistic housewife into a "thing of beauty." It is so easy to devise little knick-knacks which lend a grace and charm to the room—such as brackets for flower-stands, lambrequins and curtains for windows, and festoons for the mantelpiece.

But above all in the true home there must be God's sunlight—plenty of it, and plenty of laughter and merry faces, too, and children and contentment and all the blessings which a happy family creates.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"LET 'em live a year longer together," said a Western judge who had refused a divorce to parties who had been married forty-nine years. "It isn't the thing to spoil a golden wedding!"

—

THE business of a "tramp" is becoming a distinct profession. In New York, lately, a man held on a charge of piracy for river desperations, was very indignant at being accused of such a crime. "I ain't no pirate," he pleaded, "I'm a tramp." They are taking the places once filled by the crusaders, the troubadours, and the other picturesque vagabonds of olden time, and are quite as interesting. They can play the piano, speak many languages, tell anecdotes, and in fact do anything but hard word, and are hence worthy to be denominate professionals.

—

SOME very critical personage in the New York *Herald* insists that the Russian language having no such combination as cz, the word usually spelled by us as *Czar* is erroneous, and should be *Thar*. As we English speaking and writing people do not use the Russian alphabet, it is hardly fair to ask us to spell a word which has been rendered orthographically by usage in another way, especially when the other way does not materially alter its pronunciation. There is no word in Arabic or Turkish spelled in English letters, as Khedive, yet we try to approximate the pronunciation by our spelling, and what more can we do?

—

THERE are too few holidays observed by our hard-working American people. This is, no doubt, owing to the fact that the great resources of our new country need all the energy which can be put forth to develop them, and that, therefore, the individual worker has but little time to devote to leisure or toil-forgetting pleasure. But holidays are necessities, and the Old World has found them so, and continues to find them so, and to appreciate them, and insist upon them. Even here the Germans clamor for their days of *fest* and rifle-shooting—of athletic sports and Whitsuntide picnics. It would be well if the Americans followed their example, and took a little more exhilarating relaxation from the wearing and irking cares of the business day.

—

WHILE the philosophers are agitating themselves over questions of theology, and materialism has a bitter feud with orthodoxy, and grave questions of faith are being tested in the crucible of human reason, there still remains the great truth that religion exists, and will continue to exist as long as the emotional nature of men has sway, as long as morality exists, as long as beauty endures. There is more in devotion than cold-blooded philosophy confesses, and it is well that it is so, for the poetry of life exists and throbs in the rhythm of an emotional humanity, moving by heart impulses, and not in the mathematical axioms of a scientific philosophy. Science and religion are not one—they are widely different—and cannot conflict. We must worship something, and if materialism breaks our idols, we must erect others to supplant them.

—

IT is a wise and good thing that the legislature of our country is looking into details more than it ever did in the history of the country. An instance of this interest in affairs, which are of vital importance to the nation, is seen in the policy of the Senate Agricultural Committee asking Professor Slough and the Commissioner of Agriculture to prepare a report upon the subject of the preservation of forests. In an æsthetical point of view this action is also important; for forests are not only useful but ornamental, and the wanton destruction of magnificent trees is a shameful thing, which legislation ought to restrain by the severest penalties. In England the whole land is a landscape garden, because the woods, copses and forests are mostly in the hands of private owners, and therefore protected; and this delicious landscape is the admiration of every traveler. Here, where we have a country of infinite resources, we are too apt to be wasteful of that which is valuable and beautiful, and our posterity will condemn us, with good reason, if we allow our gorgeous forests to be wasted and despoiled.

—

PEOPLE, for the most part, wonder why really fine paintings by the best masters bring such enormous prices. They do not look into the political economy of the subject, they do not take into consideration the wonder of the workmanship, simply because a good picture never shows the intrinsic difficulty of its execution. The best paintings look as if they were done off hand. We do not inquire into the labor performed—we only look at the effect. Yet it is a fact that paintings by masters are worth more than their weight in gold, and this value increases with age. A real Rubens cannot be purchased at any price; a Fortuny is worth a small fortune. The public stare and crowd about the little gem of some great painter and exclaim, "only think—ten thousand dollars for that little thing hardly a foot square, while that great big canvass yonder is only worth five hundred dollars! Why is this?" It is simply because the touch of genius is a midas touch, and transforms all to gold, and it is in the execution, not the subject matter of a painting where the marvel lies. Only those who are skilled detect it, but when they do detect it they know its market value.

—

THERE are certain illy-constituted natures in this world who never see anything beyond the mere facts which are of personal interest to them; they are not selfish merely—they are narrower than ever selfishness could make them, for there is a certain ideal, even in selfishness, and an individual may be selfish, and yet be round-minded enough to comprehend and enjoy outward phases of life, so that they tend to the aggrandizement of his sole physical or intellectual enjoyment. But there are persons who cannot absorb anything beyond the cold, narrow facts of their immediate personal business. A certain gentleman of this class, making frequent trips to the far West to sell goods in California, actually confessed, with some stolidity, that all he remembers of his western trips is the "horribly bad dinners they have on the road." "Were you not impressed by the glory of the Rocky mountain scenery?" somebody asked of him. The reply was, "that he knew all about that region. The coffee was intolerable, and, as for the corn fritters, they were simply disgusting." "But how about the scenery?" "Oh! ah! The hotel I stopped at was a vile affair, built of logs, and I assure you there was not a *boot-black* in the whole neighborhood!"

—

WITHOUT doubt the immortal author of "Macbeth," and other plays, would feel highly flattered to know that there are individuals in existence at present who have been bersanded by their friends that they bear a striking likeness to him, and that the man with a Shakespeare face is quite proud of having such a countenance as that of the English poet god. We know one who looks something like the portraits of Shakespeare usually seen on drop curtains, and he never heard of "Hamlet" till Fechter came. We also know a personage who looks like Napoleon the first, and who wears a grey coat and folds his arms just like the "little corporal," yet he can't speak a word of French, and is fearfully afraid of gunpowder. Nature often repeats the general effect of great visages, but not the details which mark the innate greatness. We thought we had seen Charles Lamb go by our window day after day, the Hebrew cast of countenance and bright eyes, and the Quaker garb, but it wasn't Lamb after all. It was only Mr. so and so, the good neighbor and worthy citizen, but who, nevertheless, knew no more of the sweet essayist than he did of Methuselah. We have journeyed in the street car with Cicero, and Cæsar, and Marie Antoinette, with Abraham Lincoln, and Marlborough, all going down town to work at prosy labor, and altogether unconscious of the famous masks they wore. But only tell one of these that he looks like a distinguished man, and how proud he is of the fact, to be sure—though he but direly comprehends who you are talking about.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

AIR IN APPLES.—Science shows us that there is as much condensed air in a common apple as would fill a space forty-eight times as large as the apple itself. The inside of the apple consists of little cells, each of which contains a portion of the compressed air. All which explains why hastily eaten apples frequently have such a bloating effect on the stomach.

THE BUTTER TREE.—A tree called the butter-nut tree is found on the banks of the Niger in Africa. From it excellent butter is obtained. The fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is boiled, and the butter thus obtained is said to be whiter, firmer and of a richer flavor than is that from a cow, besides which it will keep a year without salt.

THE AGE OF TREES—The age of a tree is sometimes reckoned by counting the number of its rings, termed, in consequence, annual rings; this sytem of arriving at its age however, is not altogether accurate, as, in a varying season, its growth may be so augmented that it will add in one year several rings—but the wood thus quickly grown is of inferior quality.

THE MATHEMATICS OF ACCIDENT.—Dr. Scheffer, in examining the influence of speed upon the number of railroad accidents—after making due allowance for distance traveled, the principal kinds of accidents, and other considerations necessary to be estimated in order to obtain a true basis of comparison—finds that the danger of bodily injury increases as the square of the speed, and that the danger of injury to the track or destruction of the rolling stock is as the cube of the speed.

PETROLEUM FOR LEAD-POISONING.—Workmen employed in the manufacture of white lead are always liable to lead-poisoning, both by inhaling the dust and in touching the lead with the hands. Various correctives for this have been employed, and among these the latest and most simple is a careful washing of the hands in petroleum. Three washings a day are reported to be sufficient to prevent all serious danger of poisoning.

AIR-TIGHT FLOORING.—Air-tight flooring is a most important factor in the construction of practically fire-proof buildings. An English brewer made the floor of his malt-house of three inch planks grooved together. A fire broke out in the house. The roof over the floor fell in and the fire raged 24 hours above the floor without burning through it, because the substantial well-grooved planks prevented a supply of air from below. An easy test of the explanation may be made by any one. Fasten a piece of board on the ground and build a fire on it. The time taken to burn the board will surprise most people.

SOLAR SPOTS.—Gauthier states that as the result of three and a half years of observations on the solar phenomena, by means of the equatorial of the observatory at Geneva, he finds himself entirely justified in concluding perfectly with the theory of solar spots being scoriæ floating upon the liquid, and possibly even within the denser, gaseous portion of the solar surface. They are apparently the result of cooling, depending on the radiation from the surface of the sun; and this explanation is the only one that seems to him not to contradict both ordinary laws of physics and well known facts.

"Pure and Elevating."

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HOME CULTURE.

XXXII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Benefactors and philosophers, however, are not the characters most distinguished and beloved by the world. They have the pleasure of reflecting that the public hatred is never universally excited against an ordinary man. They are not surprised if the vulgar condemn whatever they write and all they say, or if some of their readers call black white, and white black. This kind of stupidity is a dangerous kind when it goes with credit and authority, reminding one of the fox in the Indian fable.

"Reynard, where are you going in so great a hurry? Have you done any mischief for which you are fearful of being punished?" "No, sir," replied the fox, "my conscience is clear, and does not reproach me with anything; but I have just overheard the hunters wish that they had a camel to hunt this morning." "Well, but how does that concern you? You are not a camel." "O! sir," replied the fox, "sagacious heads always have enemies. If any one should point me out to the huntsmen and say, *'There runs a camel!'* those gentlemen would immediately seize me and load me with chains, without once inquiring whether I really was a camel."

Reynard was right, but it is lamentable that men should be wicked in proportion as they are stupid, or that they should be wicked only because they are envious. He who finds himself the object of such wrath can revenge himself by letting it be seen that no man living is an object of envy or scandal to him.

There are no worse tyrants than the prejudices of mankind, and the servitude of liberal minds becomes more weighty in proportion to the public ignorance. Those minds that have learned wisdom from experience should neither be weighed down, shaken, nor surprised by outside influences. They have resources which repay for all calumnies, for all the ingratitude with which their labors and anxieties have been rewarded; they can use society to minister to their ends without being hurt by it. They will not be influenced in their judgments of others by those who call white black, but will judge for themselves. Ah, the wrong that is daily done to our fellow-beings by allowing ourselves to be influenced in our judgments of people by the prejudiced views of others. How often are we made to feel that we have been unjust in our judgments; and if so with those whom we know, how much more so must it be with those whom we do not know? Those whom we have allowed ourselves to form an opinion of under some wrong impression; the tone of the voice, a word said in jest, or a tride like the cut of the hair or the tie of a neckcloth. "I do not like Mr. Fairfax," said a lady. "Why not?" "He wears coral studs, embroidered shirt bosoms, and lace cravats at parties; and, in his ordinary toilet-lets his cravat fall in two long ends. He is my horror." And yet Mr. Fairfax deserved well of his country for heroic deeds on battlefields. It may be, even, that at the end of years of intimacy, your friend, your relative, possibly, reveals something which you had not known before, and which alters all your views about her; showing you that she has been standing on quite another plane of action than the one you fancied her upon, acting from quite different motives from those you attributed to her.

"I do not wish to be called a brilliant woman," wrote a mother to a friend who had so called her. "I wish to have my children and all my own think of me in my life, and when I am gone, as of one who tried to do all the good that she could while here."

Such must be the aspiration of every true woman's heart; for so far as a woman is true to the nature God has given her, her aspiration is not so much that the world should ring with her fame, says Brooke, or society quote her as a leader, but that she should bless, and be blessed in blessing. Where she has power of position, she uses it for noble, and not ignoble ends—for womanly services, and not for the degradation of herself and others. She is troubled with no aspirations for leadership. For her there is only one Leader in whom she can trust.

When will the world learn that no man, no woman, can make himself or herself a leader? When a general is needed, destiny raises him to fill the place assigned to him. He has not chosen himself, and very often he is not the one whom the people would have chosen. Neither art, nor literature, nor science is a craft. Those to whom the endowment comes in their cradles, all those in whom the immortal spark of genius (that lives in every soul) is tended into a flame, feel that they have a mission to fulfill—a sacred mission. Sacred it must be, for there can be no mission from men to men. It comes from the divinity within—from God himself. It is He who worketh in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure. As Hamerton says, it would be as well, if, instead of setting down originality as folly, we were to give heaven credit for understanding the best interests of humanity, when it accompanied every good gift with the condition that the possessor should be uneasy until he had set it forth. All artists, poets, inventors, thinkers, are compelled to set forth their gifts. This is the condition of genuineness in art work. Men and women engrossed in great works are not generally the ones who seek leadership in it, but seek rather to establish others than to take the lead themselves.

Swift said, Hide your intellect, do what you are expected to do, say what you are expected to say, and you will be at peace. The secret of popularity is to be commonplace on principle. But if, as has been asserted, the thinker's gift gives him no rest until he has used it for the good of mankind, Swift's advice cannot be followed by men of talent.

Spinoza declared that in order to lead a tranquil life he had been compelled to renounce all kinds of teaching. Truly the teacher and preacher have a hard penalty to pay for devoting their lives to the service of mankind, if the loss of tranquility is to be one of the forfeits. This is why we often see hearts which are attuned to the melody of all goodness jarred by rude hands, until they utter notes as discordant as those breathed by the Archbishop already quoted. They have paid the forfeit of some noble endeavor, some misplaced trust, in loss of tranquility of mind for the time being.

Kingsley, after stating that every motive which springs from self is by its very essence unheroic, adds, but the love of approbation, the desire for the respect and love of our fellow-men, must not be excluded from the list of heroic motives. Whereby we see that the craving of man for sympathy in sorrow from those whom they love, for appreciation of motives of action when those motives have been maligned and traduced by enemies, for a just and charitable estimate of aims in life, are counted not as weaknesses, but as virtues.

When friends in whom men have trusted fail them in sympathy, appreciation, and charity, what more natural than that the human should triumph over the divine, as in our Lord's experience when deserted by his apostles. For as a clergyman of the Church of England so eloquently tells us, that which we love most in men and women, in our leaders, in wife and husband, daughter and son, in sister and brother, friend or lover, is faithfulness. It is, as it is in God, the ground of all other qualities. If, even in thought, it is untrue, if it allow base motives to be imputed to those we love for conduct which we do not understand, if it listen to blame imputed without denial, if it maintains silence when speech could aid, then it is faithfulness worse than speech. For we may pardon the faithless looseness of the tongue in excitement, but not the failure of the heart.

Let the mad world go on its own way. It will go its own way! cry the worldly wise to those whose feet have been led into paths which they have not chosen—paths which friends condemn, and foes assail. Heed not the cry! God has given to every man, to every woman, a work to do (be it ever so humble), for others, as well as for themselves and their own, and the time comes at last when they find their path, and when their work is made clear for them.

Let the mad world go its own way, is also the cry sent after the philanthropist, who, working for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men, meets with obloquy and reproach. All who labor to advance the welfare of their kind, are working in God's fields, whether it be work for the race or for individuals, whether it be collectively in some gigantic cause, or singly and humbly, by those who, valuing the beauty of beautiful behavior, kind acts and beneficent deeds, strive to improve themselves and others, and to bring blessings wherever they go. If, then, the mad world will go its own way, it is our duty to see to it that it does not carry us away from the work given to every human being to entail—that of perfecting his own character and living for the good of others.

No one can walk over a bed of thornless roses with such a goal in view; the brambles upon either side of the straight and narrow path of duty bear spikes like that of the desert-thorn of Sahara,—long enough to pierce to the heart's core of those who stop to encounter them. Sharpest among such thorns are those thrust in by hands we have trusted in to support our own—faithless hands which fail us when we need them most.

"You have brought it all upon yourself," said a pastor to one of his parishioners who had gone to him in a sorrow that to her was worse than death, feeling that he might be able to give her some words of comfort, which would help her to take up the burden of life again. "I know that I have," she answered. "I knew it before you told me. But I cannot see why my efforts to be of use to others should be permitted to bring so much evil upon me, although I must believe that some great good will come out of it, because you have always said that all things work together for good to those who love goodness, and who work for good ends."

As the woman walked away from the house, where she had gone to a being as feeble as herself for solace, she was joined by a friend, to whom she narrated her experience. "How could he give me a stone when I asked for bread?" she said. The answer came in a line from one of Mrs. Browning's poems,

"Our cedars must fall round us, ere we see
the light behind."

A branch from a mighty cedar had fallen, but not in vain. The light shone in where it had never shown before, and taught her self-reliance, while eventually out of the dark cloud of malice which surrounded her, arose her shining sun of happiness.

"God has ordained that mankind should be elevated by misfortune, and that happiness should grow out of misery and pain," says Reade in his "Martyrdom of Man." He it is who also says: To do that which deserves to be written, to write that which deserves to be read, to tend the sick, to comfort the sorrowful, to animate the weary, to keep the temple of the body pure, to cherish the divinity within us, to be faithful to the intellect, to educate those powers which have been entrusted to our charge, and to employ them in the service of humanity, that is all we can do.

In doing that we need but one Leader, and He will direct our steps in paths which lead to peace.

"Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

CHAPTER XII.

OBJECTS OF WOMAN'S HIGHER CULTURE.

That noble English woman, Emily Shirreff, daughter of Admiral Shirreff, who has given all the best years of her life to reforms in the education of women, defines "higher education" in this admirable manner: It is simply the education that follows that of school; the course of study pursued after the preparatory studies of school time are completed. Higher education would in its full meaning comprise these as part of the means of that self-culture which begins when childish trammels are cast off, to end only when the uses of this world have trained the immortal spirit for higher work in some yet unknown region.—[C. J. M.

"So long as essentials are never lost sight of, let us add as much vigorous discipline of the understanding in other directions—as many more graces of high culture, as time or means, or occasion permit.—[Journal of Woman's Education.

Nothing is more prejudicial to democracy than its outward forms of behavior; many men would willingly endure its vices, who cannot support its manners. Though the manners of European aristocracy do not constitute virtue, they sometimes embellish even virtue itself.—[Democracy in America.

Sensible of the supreme importance of right education toward the happiness of a state, our ancestors bestowed the strictest attention upon forming the manners of the youth. * * * Nor did they think it sufficient to lay a foundation of good principles in the minds of young people, and leave them, after they were grown up, to act as they pleased; on the contrary, the manners of adult persons were more strictly inspected than those of youth. * * * The general prevalence of these dispositions in a people is brought about by education and example. * * * Those whose minds have received from education a proper bent, will behave well, though left to themselves. * * To advise that we should return to some of the institutions of our ancestors, is surely a very different matter from proposing innovations. * * * Experience may teach us what we have to expect, if we go on in the track we are now in.—[Isocrates' Areopagic Oration.

If I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the Americans ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply, To the superiority of their women.—[Democracy in America.

More than thirty years ago, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote his book, "Democracy in America," paying the above tribute to our women, and the accompanying censure to our manners.

More than two thousand years ago, Isocrates, a distinguished writer of Athens, gave utterance to his views concerning the chief requisite toward contributing to the happiness of a people or a state, from which discourse the compiler has culled what he then said of the importance of bestowing the strictest attention upon forming the manners of youth. Word for word, what he then uttered is applicable to the present condition of our society. So, history is always repeating itself, and those people are the wisest who take its lessons to heart. To a second Isocrates, a disciple of the Athenian orator, is attributed another discourse which consists of moral precepts for the conduct of life and the regulation of the deportment of the young, illustrating the fact that, link by link, through long centuries has the culture of one generation been carried down and connected with the next, for the ultimate advancement of mankind. The individual may perish, the race become extinct, but the effect of culture throws reflected light down the channel of Time.

All systems may be said to have descended from previous ones. The ideas of one generation are the mysterious progenitors of those of the next. Each age is the dawn of its successor, and in the eternal advance of truth,

"There always is a rising sun,
And day is ever but begun."

It is thus true that there is nothing new under the sun, since the new grows from the old, as boughs grow from the tree; and though errors and exaggerations are, from time to time, shaken off, yet "the things which cannot be shaken" will certainly abide.

Carlyle says, Literature is but a branch of religion, and always participates in its character. It is still more true that education is a branch of Mental Philosophy, and takes its mould and fashion from it. For it is evident that as philosophy, in successive ages, gives varying answers as to man's chief end and *summum bonum*, so education, which is simply an attempt to prepare him therefor, must vary accordingly: Humboldt hints that the vegetation of whole regions bespeaks and depends on the strata beneath; and it is certainly true that we cannot delve long in the teacher's plot without coming upon those moral questions which go down to the centre.

Richter delighted to preach the doctrine of an ideal man, and that education is the harmonious development of the faculties and dispositions of each individual. No one knew better than he, that (in Carlyle's words) A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge. This it is that opens the whole mind, and quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its fit work.

But it is not with theories that we wish to deal now, nor with races, but with a people whose women De Tocqueville declares to be superior to those of other nations, and who certainly do possess advantages for developing themselves, and their children exceeding those of any nation of the earth. Especially is attention called to their work as mothers and teachers. It has been said that there is scarcely any soul born into this world in which a self-sacrificing, steady effort on the parent's part may not lay broad and deep the foundations of strength of will, of self-control, and, therefore, of that self-reverence and self-knowledge which, combined with the possession and love of noble ideas, will enable men or women to be true and useful to God and mankind. The regeneration of society is in the power of the woman and she turns away from it. All future generations might call her blessed, and she prefers to be called fashionable. The hearts of men, the lives of men are in her hands. How does she use her power? Divers are the answers that might be made to this question—answers which have living witnesses of their and truth in every circle of society around us. But we leave them all untouched in this chapter, and continue from the same author. There is no sadder or uglier sight in this world than to see the women of a land grasping at the ignoble honor and rejecting the noble; leading the men whom they should guide into high thought and active sacrifice, into petty slander of gossip in conversation, and into discussion of dangerous and unhealthy feeling, becoming in this degradation of their directing power the curse and not the blessing of social intercourse—becoming what men in private moments wish them to be, instead of making men what men should be; ceasing to protest against impurity and unbelief, and giving them an underhand encouragement, turning away from their mission to bless, to exalt, and to console, that they may struggle through a thousand meannesses into a higher position, and waste their divine energy to win precedence over a rival; expending all the force which their nature gives them in false and sometimes base excitements day after day, with an awful blindness and a pitiable degradation; exhausting life in amusements which fritter away, or in amusements which debase their character,—not thinking of the thousands of their sisters who are weeping in the night for hunger and for misery of heart. This is not our work, this is the work of men, they say. Be it so if you like. Let them be the hands that do it; but who, if not women, are to be the hearts of the redemption of their sex from social wrong?

Still nearer home lies the point which is the most important of all, and which we have digressed from in order to give this eloquent passage, namely the proper education of youth. "Our miscalled education looks chiefly as to how a young girl may make a good figure in society, and this destroys in her the beauty of unconsciousness of self. She grows up and enters society, and there is either a violent reaction against conventionality, or there is a paralyzing sensitiveness to opinion, or there is a dull repose of character and manner which is all but equivalent to stagnation. We see many who are afraid of saying openly what they think or feel, if it be in opposition to the accredited opinions of the world; we see others who rejoice in shocking opinion for the sake of making themselves remarkable—perhaps the basest form of social vanity, for it gives pain and does not spring from conviction. Both forms arise from the education which makes the child self-conscious, leading the mind to ask that degrading question, "What will people say of me?"

For, to make your children live only by the opinions of others, to train them not to influence but to submit to the world, is to educate them to think only of themselves, is to train them up to inward falseness, is to destroy all eternal distinctions between right and wrong, is to reduce them to that dead level of uneducated unoriginality which is the most melancholy feature in the young society of the present day. Let them grow naturally, keep them as long as is possible unconscious of themselves; and, for the sake of the world, which, in the midst of all its conventional dullness, longs for something fresh and true, if not for their own sakes, do not press upon them the belief that the voice of society is the measure of what is right or wrong, beautiful or unbeautiful, fitting or unfitting for them to do. This want of individuality is one of the most painful deficiencies in our present society. The rectification of this evil lies at the root of Christianity, for all Christ's teachings tend to produce individuality, to rescue men from being mingled up, indistinguishable atoms, with the mass of men; to teach them that they possess a distinct character, which it is God's will to educate; distinct gifts, which God the Spirit will inspire and develope, a peculiar work for which each man is elected, and in performing which his personality will become more and more defined. The conventional spirit of the world is in exact opposition to this, to wear all individuality down into uniformity. There must be nothing original (in the world's language, eccentric, erratic); men must desire nothing strongly, think nothing which the generality do not think, have no strongly outlined character.

This state of things causes an atmosphere to brood over the generality, in which it is becoming more and more impossible for a man of heroic character to develope himself. The spirit which lives in this atmosphere of torpidity sets itself at once in opposition to any man or woman, who is rash enough to step forth to challenge the general monotony. The world finds that he or she cannot be borne. It is incredible audacity! What is his one voice to the grand ions of our collective wisdom? The man must be put down. So men of individuality are becoming rarer and rarer. Society must not be affronted with originality. It is a rudeness. It suggests that society might be better, that there may be an imperfection here and there. Level everybody, and then let us all collectively advance. Original people shock the world; as if that were not the very best thing which could happen to the world. Original people are depreciated; if they persist, they are persecuted and killed. This has been the custom in times past; but now it would seem that men are longing for a new life, and a new order of things, longing for some fresh ideas to come and stir the stagnant pool of life. It is one of the advantages of wealth and high position that those who possess them may unite together and initiate the unaccustomary without a cry being raised against them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

TELL HER SO.

"O, my bonnie brown bird, in my sweet little nest,
Why silent and sad, with no laughter and song?
Of all the dear birdies, I love thee the best,
And know that thy love is as tender and strong."

A ripple, a frill, and a gay little strain,
With fresh-ruffled plumage to make her more fair,
"If ever you ask me such questions again,
Look into your heart, for the answer is there."

"You love me, yet tell me so seldom you do,
My heart gets to doubting, and sadder I grow,
The joy that it gives me if once you but knew,
I think you would always keep telling me so."

THE SECRET.

She gaily plucked a rose from out the flowers,
And fastened it with defiance on my breast;
I, stopping, thanked her, 'mid the hawthorn bowers—
I may not tell the rest.

My love trilled out an airy, lightsome tune,
Sang sweetly as her fancy did suggest;
Perhaps I interrupted her too soon—
I may not tell the rest.

She, laughing low, said ne'er a word to me,
But upward held her face to be caress'd;
The little birds that chirruped in the tree—
Perhaps may tell the rest!

NORA;

OR,

The Confession.

BY MARY CECIL HAY, AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

The boat, with three young figures in it, glided past just as the Squire and his sister-in-law reached the river bank; and they stood to watch it, he waving his hat—she following the skiff with her eyes, in rather a stern and rigid silence. The Squire was standing out in the June sunshine, his handsome head uncovered; while Miss Macnair stood in the shadow of the limes; and it was plain that her forty years sat more heavily upon her than the Squire's five-and-forty sat on him; and that the moody shadow had, by long continuance, become habitual to her grave hard face.

So they stood watching, as the boat passed smoothly and noiselessly on its way. One young man lay idly in the stern, the other rested on his oar, while he tried to teach their companion the skilful management of hers. A turn in the river hid the two groups from each other; then the Squire turned with an inexplicable sigh. Miss Macnair heard it distinctly, and remembered it for a long time.

"Nora Carleton," she remarked as her brother-in-law joined her, "has no steadiness of purpose, for I heard her yesterday telling the boys she should never row with them again."

"She likes to enliven them with such threats as that," laughed the Squire; "by those means (and others) she keeps them in subjection."

"Her nature is hopelessly unstable, and her manners childish. But," added Miss Macnair, with slow emphasis, "she is still a child, so, perhaps, we may hope for amendment."

"She is nineteen, Caroline. How can you call her a child?"

There was a note of eagerness, even wistfulness, in Mr. Sutton's voice, and his sister-in-law was quick to mark it. "Some girls," she said, with emphasis, "are so much younger and less thoughtful for their years than others are. My own dear sister at nineteen was a perfect woman in gravity and stability."

"She was indeed," asserted the Squire; but he made no effort to enlarge upon the merits of the late Mrs. Sutton.

The beautiful estate of High Sutton had not, so it was whispered, been made a home of unruffled bliss for its master during its late mistress' reign; and though his twin sons had never heard one word of aught save respect uttered either to or of their mother, they were both vaguely conscious that it would take far more even than their aunt's hard and suspicious temper to make High Sutton the unhomelike abode which it must have been in their mother's lifetime. It was, perhaps, this very consciousness which made Mr. Sutton so gentle in dealing with his second son, who inherited his mother's jealous, gloomy temperament. So, ever-conscious was he of the misery of it for the young man himself, that it was not in seeming only that he was kinder to the morose and silent lad than to the elder brother (elder only by twenty minutes), who possessed his father's genial nature, and that thorough sincerity which precludes the possibility of suspicion.

But it was not of the Squire's "twin lads" Miss Macnair was thinking, as she and her brother-in-law strolled away from the river. It was of a theme far more conducive in her mind to uneasy speculation. Unfathomable as are the unuttered thoughts of one's companion, Miss Macnair's might have laid clear as daylight before the Squire, by the utterance of her first remark.

"Nora is reckless, and volatile, and flippant."

"Sum it up in a word, Caroline," put in Wynter Sutton pleasantly. "Say Nora is Irish."

"I wish she had stayed in Ireland."

"You do not mean what you say," was the quiet rejoinder to this unpremeditated flash. "Nora's mother was the early and constant friend of my wife and yourself. What could you do less than ask her here, and be kind to her, now that she is motherless—like our own lads?"

"Not much like our own lads," returned Miss Macnair, pleasantly appropriating the plural pronoun; "her father is—why he and Nora are like two senseless children at home at Baggalley, and the whole estate is going to ruin as fast as it can. It never *was* worth much either. Nora must feel the difference when she is here."

"I hope she does," said the Squire, while a pleasant light shone in his eyes.

"I mean, of course, in the boys' vacation," continued Miss Macnair, looking straight on before her; "but for my part I don't like her manner of being so thoroughly at home, even with them."

"I do. While so young, at any rate, she need not be hemmed round with ceremonious stiffness. I am sure the boys think of Nora as they would of a pet sister."

"I don't like it," exclaimed Miss Macnair, with inexplicable rapidity. "They are *not* brother and sister, so why should they behave as such?"

"Let the subject drop, Caroline," remarked Mr. Sutton, with a tone of pain in his quiet voice. "Nora is your guest here, and a motherless girl, who has not learnt so much, perhaps, as other girls have learnt—we seemed just then to have forgotten that. By the way, it is time they had landed and overtaken us."

"They stay too long on the river, *I* think," observed Miss Macnair, turning stiffly to look behind her. "I am always nervous about the Fall."

"Nervous about a danger a mile away," was the laughing response. "Why, even Ernest and Drury do not row below the boat house, unless it may be a few yards, to moor their boat in the shadow as they fish. You must own, Caroline, that they know how to use their oars, and are both prudent, as well as obedient, lads."

"But there is Nora."

"Nora again," laughed the Squire. "Her curiosity often enough leads her to the Fall on *terra firma*, I know; but *not* on the water, Caroline. I believe she would be terrified at going within sight of it in the boat, even if not forbidden."

"I would not like to trust her if any whim seized her."

At that moment a rushing sound reached them from behind, and presently, in the grass beside them, the three of whom they had been speaking darted past in a race. Nora Carleton first, hatless, but with roses twined in her dishevelled hair, her eyes radiant, and her cheeks pink. Then Ernest, gaining upon her, his slight, well-knit figure bent a little, and a merry smile upon his face. Last, Drury, running steadily, with his brows drawn and his elbows planted firmly at his side.

"Well done, Nora," cried the Squire as they passed. "Look to your laurels, Dru. They must leave off giving Nora a start," he added merrily as they passed out of hearing; "she will beat them both."

As of course she did, waving her hat in triumph, while she sat upon the low fence which stopped their race.

"You run splendidly, Nora," said Ernest, fanning himself with his straw-hat as he lay upon the grass beside her. "I must never boast again of my celebrity at Oxford."

"Are *you* celebrated at Oxford, too, Drury?" asked the girl, balancing herself deftly upon the rails.

"Not in that line," put in his brother. "Dru excels more in skillful than in muscular pursuits. He favors whist and billiards."

Nora, from her unsteady seat, chanced to be looking into Drury Sutton's face, when his eyes met hers.

"There are times," he said, in his heavy tones—and as he spoke he drew his handkerchief lightly across his face—"when men need sports which do not heat or weary them—how intense the heat is here—but Ernest talks rubbish. No young fellow of twenty could stand the chance of being beaten by the practised players, whom, of course, one must meet everywhere—would meet, at least, if one went in for the thing at all."

"Then you lose the games as you lost this race?" asked Nora, her eyes clear and bright again as that inexplicable shade left Drury's face.

"I am not a fool," the young man muttered sullenly as he crossed the fence. But in a moment his tone changed, and he turned and gave his hand to Nora with a smile.

"I'm coming," she cried, tying on her hat hastily, and preparing to spring from the fence. "Let's go and gather cherries now. You two shall climb and gather, and I'll catch and eat. That's a nice arrangement, isn't it?"

"An excellent one," cried the Squire, joining them just as Nora alighted on the grass beside Drury, and Ernest followed at her summons; "a fair division of labor indeed."

"Did you see me wave my hat, Mr. Sutton?" asked the girl, turning gladly at the sound of his voice, and linking her hand in his arm with a familiarity which greatly quickened the regular breathing of Miss Macnair. "That was to show I had won the race."

"You had far too good a start, little lady. I wouldn't have allowed it if I had been either of the lads."

"But you aren't either of the lads, I'm glad to say. Now suppose we have a race, you and I, Mr. Sutton; we'll run to the cherry-orchard, and start in a line, to further the ends of justice. Miss Macnair, will you start us please—awfully fairly?"

"*Awfully* is not a word to employ as you employ it, Nora," began Miss Macnair; "*you*, particularly, in whom nothing and nobody inspires any awe at all."

"Oh, I always forget," cried Nora, tossing back her dishevelled hair. "Papa uses it too, so perhaps it's a manner and custom of the Irish. We often laugh at each other, yet we never remember to cure ourselves."

"I *should* be cured," rejoined the elder lady impressively.

"All in good time," put in the Squire, when he saw the shy color rise in the girl's cheeks. "I'm ready, Nora. One, two, three! Away!"

Words would fail in describing the rigid displeasure of Miss Macnair's visage as the two figures fled from her, followed by her nephews, laughing heartily; and cheering, when the Squire, using his reserved strength after his antagonist had exhausted hers, covered the last few yards with marvellous rapidity, and turned with triumph to meet Nora, as she came up panting and flushed, but laughing, too.

"Beaten, Nora! Unmistakably and ignominiously beaten."

"It is better to race with you," said the girl, speaking to the young men as demurely as her failing breath would allow; "you are far more easily conquered."

"Is it so?" asked the Squire, laughing still, but gazing with a steady, almost questioning gaze into the young face. "I'm very glad."

"Now for the cherries," cried Nora, noticing neither words nor glance. "Who is going up the tree? I'm ready to catch."

"All right," cried Ernest, swinging himself to the lowest branches.

But in spite of his agility, Drury's heavier limbs obtained the surer support; and when Nora, holding her skirt spread for the fruit, looked up laughingly to say she was ready, they were Drury's eyes which met hers through the leaves. Down pattered the cherries into her dress, hitting sometimes her shoulders or her hand, and at others clinging to her hair, or touching her merry upturned face; while the Squire stood a little apart watching her.

It was just as Miss Macnair came towards the tree, and her eyes, still with the jealous hardness in them, took in the whole scene, that there was a crash over Nora's head, and a shower of leaves upon the girlish waiting figure. In one moment the Squire—his face white as death—had closed his arms about the slender form and drawn it away, while the heavy bough fell just where Nora had stood. Drury, saving himself with a spring, alighted, and, in eager nervousness, began to apologize to Nora for having heedlessly trusted his weight above her.

"I forgot," he said, his face blushing duskily, "that it was less safe for me than it would have been for Ernest."

"I was not frightened," said Nora, her wondering gaze upon the Squire's face, though she was answering Drury with an effort at a smile. "Indeed, indeed I was not frightened."

And yet even Miss Macnair could see that *something* had now startled the girl beyond words.

"Never mind, Nora," cried Ernest, beginning to gather the fruit which had all fallen to the grass. "The cherries are not hurt. Sit down now and enjoy them after your picnic."

But though she took a few, as he handed them to her, she did not even raise them to her lips.

"I thought you were so fond of cherries?" remarked Drury, watching her curiously.

"Yes, I am," she said, but still they were left untasted, and still that look of surprise and bewilderment lingered in her eyes.

"Won't you have a few, Aunt Caroline?" inquired Ernest, his slight figure intercepting her stony glance.

"No," Miss Macnair answered curtly; and Ernest, like every other member of the little group, was aware of some new feeling having crept among them.

"Wasted spoil!" said the Squire, with a carelessness which it was evidently difficult to affect. "Come, boys, let us rescue it; we shall enjoy it after dinner."

Perhaps the Squire was longer over the task than he need have been; at any rate, when he rose, he and his sister were alone beside the cherry tree.

"Ernest said he would fetch a basket," remarked Miss Macnair in a grim tone, as the Squire looked around uncomfortably; "and Drury, I suppose has gone to seek Nora. *She*," added the lady emphatically, "has, of *course*, left."

"Yes," assented the Squire, with a nervousness which was new to him. "I suppose so."

"I have had a great shock, Wynter," continued his sister, apparently shrinking from the confidence she volunteered. "I hope I may have been mistaken in the conclusion your conduct forced upon me. I should deeply regret your having ever given Nora Carleton reason to believe that——"

"The conclusion which has shocked you is a just conclusion, I daresay, Caroline," returned Mr. Sutton, a smile breaking upon his handsome face. "You see I don't pretend to misunderstand you. I am going to ask Nora to be my wife."

For a long minute Miss Macnair stood to regard her companion in speechless wonder, and then only four words passed her tightened lips.

"You must be mad."

The Squire's smile faded.

"Sometimes I think I am," he said, with gravity; "and sometimes I know not what dreams of happiness possess me, in spite of my gray hairs."

"A fool's paradise," was the muttered retort.

"Possibly," said Wynter Sutton very sadly; "if so, it will soon have faded."

"Then you mean to tell Nora of this ridiculous infatuation? If it were one of your own boys speaking so, Wynter, I could believe it. There would be something a trifle more suitable in an attachment between Nora and one of them; and, indeed, I think there is such an attachment."

If Miss Macnair had fancied that last blow would change the Squire's plans, she speedily became aware of her mistake.

"If it be so," was the quiet rejoinder, "my lads will find their father do his best to help them on to happiness."

Then he was gone, and his sister-in-law was left to wonder and to fret alone.

"What absurdity!" she muttered, as she impatiently started to leave the orchard. "A girl who might be his daughter, and who has, I daresay, looked upon herself in the light of his daughter-in-law. It would be a little less intolerable even if she were an English girl; they are older for their years and more sedate. Nora is in some matters a perfect baby, and I'm sick of Wynter's reiterated assertion that she is a true woman in spite of her random ways. Wait until he tries her—for there is no chance, however slight, of his being refused the opportunity of trying her as his wife. The idea of a girl who has been used to the irregular poverty of Baggalley refusing the Master of High Sutton! She is vain enough to know the influence she would possess; and—the idea is altogether hateful." A fact which would have been plainly evident to anyone who could have seen the gesture of repugnance with which Miss Macnair dismissed the thought.

As Mr. Sutton left the orchard he met his elder son, and answered cheerily the question as to where Nora could be.

"I don't know, my lad; I should have fancied you could tell me."

"No; she sent us off—said she was tired of us both." And Ernest turned back toward the house, whistling softly as he strolled along the grass.

"Tired of them both!" whispered the Squire to himself. "She was joking, of course."

The cherry orchard stood on the hillside, and at its foot the Squire came suddenly upon Nora, leaning on the rails which separated it from the river. Her thoughts were so far away that she did not even hear the approaching footsteps; and so, when Mr. Sutton paused beside her, she did not turn. He stood for a few moments in silence, not unwillingly, with the vague feeling that this time of uncertainty might be sweeter than the time to follow, when he should have learned the truth.

But presently she turned her grave eyes from their distant gaze, and saw him.

"Have Ernest and Drury gone in, Mr. Sutton?"

"Yes," he answered, with a smile. "Was it not natural, when you told them you were tired of them both?"

Then she smiled too, and turned to leave the orchard.

"And you are tired of their father, Nora?" he asked, standing before her so that she must pause.

"No," she said, and turned and dropped her hands once more upon the rails, standing demurely patient, as if he had bidden her stay.

"Nora," said the Squire gravely, "I am come to tell you why my manner startled you when I thought you in danger half an hour ago."

He saw her under lip quiver a little and her eyes droop in their gaze, but he could not guess with what an effort the girl tried to understand this vague new consciousness which possessed her.

"I was not frightened," she said again as she had said to Drury; "I had no time to fancy there was danger."

"Nor had I," said the Squire earnestly; "I had no fancy. It only came naturally to me to save you, Nora, because you are so precious to me; not only as my boys' pet and the child of my old friend, but, most of all, as my own love."

A moment's pause, while the young face paled as he had never seen it pale before; then he turned to her with his hands outstretched appealingly:

"Nora, I love you so dearly—in spite of the wide difference in our ages—that I am come to pray you to be my wife."

Very quietly she laid her hands in his.

"Can it be?" she asked, in her soft bewildered tone. "Can you care for me in—in that way?"

"It was because I cared for you so very much *in that way*, love," he said, "that I betrayed myself before them all, and to yourself just now. Tell me if you can ever care *in that way* for me."

"I cannot believe it," she whispered, while he held her beside him.

"It is very easy to believe, my child," he answered, in his grave, kind tones. "Almost in the very first hour you spent in my house I learnt to love you, Nora. I saw the true, brave, tender heart, through all the merry daring habits. How could I help loving you, my pretty, bright, true-hearted child?"

"Please hush," she said gently, and in her quaint new gravity. "I am not what you think me. I must go back to my father, please, Mr. Sutton."

"Indeed you shall," he whispered, with a caress, which was as earnest as it was rare with him. "I shall take you myself that I may win his consent to bring you back. After that, Nora, you shall make me take you to see him as often as ever you like. Only just say that this shall be your home, and that you will teach yourself to love me *in that way*. For if you feel you could not, darling, it would be kinder now to tell me so. A disappointment now would not be what it must be after I have learned to believe in a future which seems almost too happy to be possible."

"But why," she asked, while no shadow for the coming years fell over her glad face, "why impossible to you, in whose power it lies to make so many people happy?"

"You, Nora?"

"Yes," she whispered softly; "I am always happy here, and—and *now* I know why."

Miss Macnair had dressed, and was sitting in the drawing room with a feeling of great injury upon her, when Mr. Sutton and Nora came in together. One glance told her everything, but nothing in her manner betrayed this, as she waited grimly for what her brother-in-law might say.

"Caroline, Nora has promised to be my wife."

Quietly as he spoke, Miss Macnair could see what strong emotion stirred him, and she was forced to acknowledge to herself that, since the time when, little more than a boy himself, he had come to woo her handsome, self-willed sister, she had never seen such a light of happiness shine in his frank, kind eyes. The chilly words died upon her lips, and she even kissed the girl who came so shyly to her side.

"I hope you will be happy," she said mechanically.

"Miss Macnair," Nora whispered, in the earnest simplicity which belonged to her, "I would not for the world come to be Mr. Sutton's wife, so ignorant and wild and inexperienced as I am now. I shall go home at once, and papa will help me, and I will study a lot of things, and keep house myself, and go over the estate with papa. And," she continued—unconscious of her listener's scornful mental comparison of 'the estate' with High Sutton—"I shall soon improve, because I shall be so anxious to do so."

"I hope so," rejoined Miss Macnair. "Now it is time to dress."

Obedient to the hint, Nora left the room. Then Miss Macnair turned to her brother-in-law, with eyebrows elevated:

"For your own sake, Wynter, I'm sorry you were not a poor man to-day."

"Why?" was the cheery question, though a shadow fell unconsciously over the Squire's face, because he comprehended her full meaning.

"Because you would have been better able to test your chance of future happiness. No one could dream that, under *any* circumstances, a girl of Nora's age and temperament would refuse such a position as you have offered her."

"Under any circumstances, eh?" repeated the Squire, laughing. "That isn't an encouraging insinuation, Caroline."

"And marriages never turn out happily where there is so great an inequality in age."

"Only an aphorism perhaps; but I shall be late for dinner if I wait to combat it."

Not that that was Mr. Sutton's real reason for hastening away. He knew well that this must be a trying hour for his late wife's sister, whose memory could recall so forcibly the disappointments and chills of his early married life; and, beyond that, he wished to speak to Ernest and Drury.

Half an hour later, as Nora walked down the long corridor from her own room, softly and slowly, enfolded in her new happiness, Mr. Sutton met her, and drew her towards him at one of the low windows.

"Nora, I have told the boys," he said with great delight in his tones. "You should have heard Ernest's loud 'Hurrah!'"

"And Drury?" she questioned.

"Drury is a quieter lad," said the Squire, with a perceptible change of tone; "he did not so noisily express his delight at the thought of having you here forever. O, my love, what a happy change it will be for us all!"

She was looking from the window near which they stood; but when he ceased speaking, her eyes came slowly back and fixed themselves wistfully upon his face.

"I wonder," she said, "if it *will* be so—a happy change for us all?"

"My darling, can you doubt it?"

"I never did until that moment," she softly answered; "but then a sudden fear came over me."

"And you are trembling still. What brought this wild and unnatural fear, my love?"

"Nothing could have brought it, for when it darted into my mind—making things look dark which an instant before had seemed so beautiful to me—you were only speaking of Ernest and Drury."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Cheerfully Recommend It."

The POST is the oldest and one of the best literary papers published in this country, and we can cheerfully recommend it to any one of our readers who want a good literary paper for this year.—[*Democrat*, Cumberland, Ill.

"Interesting and Instructive."

The SATURDAY EVENING POST is one of the oldest and best literary journals in the land, and we would recommend it to every one who wishes an interesting and instructive paper.—[*News*, Hicksville, Ohio.

FEMININITIES.

In Portugal a royal edict forbids widows above fifty to marry.

A New York jury has decided that wedding presents belong to the wife.

The custom of making women postmasters has been in vogue for fifty years.

Only five female treasury clerks have thus far succeeded in marrying Congressmen.

New song by a lady—"Be it ever so humble there's no place like the neighbor's."

The newest shoe buckles in Paris are like shawl pins, and bear the name of the wearer.

Beware of women who seem very sweet. Dealers in sugar-candy are not always candid.

The service of women on the Boston School Board is said to have been thoroughly efficient.

President Hayes says he would favor a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote.

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent beau is dangerous.

Widows have been compared to green wood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

Some women think their charm is in their helplessness, but they will find mighty few men who are so idiotic as to agree with them.

The old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

Gail Hamilton says one can be a daughter, sister, friend, without impeachment of one's sagacity, but it's a dreadful indorsement of a man to marry him.

"Are you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?" "I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

A widow once said to her daughter, "When you are my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, "for a second time."

"Well, may I hope then, dear, that, at some future time, I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I'm sure," she replied, "for I'm getting tired of suing fellows for breach of promise."

The American woman who recently amazed staid Edinburgh by having her favorite horse shod with gold, turns out to be a Miss Thompson, well known at Niagara Falls. Among her numerous eccentricities was that of insisting in paying all her bills in $20 gold pieces.

Being an "old maid" implies decision of character; neither shams, nor shows, nor courtly manners, nor splendid persons, have won them over; nor fair promises, nor shallow tears. They looked beyond the manner and the dress, and finding no cheering indication of depth of mind and sterling principles, they gave up the specious present for the chance of a more solid future, and determined, in hope, and patience, and resignation, to "bide their time."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

IT is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

ALLOW no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face.

FOOLS are the worst of all thieves; they rob us of time and temper.

HYPOCRITES are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.

ENVY is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

NOBLE actions are best seen when looked at with an eye to emulation.

BE pure, but not stern; have moral excellences, but don't bristle with them.

TRUE delicacy is always more wounded by an offence from itself than to itself.

ERROR loves to walk arm-in-arm with truth, to make itself thought respectable.

One Augusta, Me., dressmaker has lost 20 'prentices by matrimony in four years.

A man should have an aim in his conversation but not take aim like a duellist.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

SATAN can never undo a man without his aid; but a man may easily undo himself without Satan's.

POLITENESS is not always a sign of wisdom, but the want of it is always a strong symptom of folly.

HAPPINESS is perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

BRING your virtues to the touchstone to try their truth, rather than to the balance to try their measure.

THE three things most difficult are: to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

NOT that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.

WE should forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

IT may serve as a comfort to us all in our calamities and afflictions, that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

WORK, play, study whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly, and then do the next thing without letting any moment drop out between.

IN the voyage of life men profess to be in search of heaven, but generally take care not to venture so far in their approximation to it as entirely to lose sight of the earth.

IT is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant, and imply no self-sacrifice; the test of principle is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

WHEN a generous man is compelled to give a refusal, he generally gives it with a worse grace than the ungenerous: first, because it is against his nature; and secondly, because it is out of his practice.

ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.—A civet cat can live ten days without food, an antelope twenty days, an eagle twenty-eight days, a badger thirty days, and a dog thirty-five days; a crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three months, a bear six months, a chameleon eight months, and a viper ten months. Spiders, toads, tortoises, and beetles will maintain abstinence for an indefinite length of time.

FACETIÆ.

—"Discounted notes"—The hand-organs.

—Young's Night Thoughts—The baby's dreams.

—"Court-order"—Sending for the bride's trousseau.

—A patient object—A sick man refusing the doctor's physic.

—One way to make flesh fish is to let a cat get at the aquarium.

—Goliah was the first man on record who was killed "stone dead."

—"What is Science?" asks a cotemporary. Respectfully referred to Jem Mace.

—It may be said that a girl shuts a man's eye up when she is the cause of his winking at her.

—College-bred butchers in Massachusetts use the English bull-dog exclusively for "bull-only" sausage.

—If a girl wants to fetch her beau, let her give him a pinch of snuff. That will bring him to hi'sneeze at once.

—The papers are discussing the difference between a bill-board and a board-bill. The question is a vital one.

—Some philologists are of the opinion that swearing came into fashion with the first lost button from Noah's shirt.

—The chickens, deceived by the mild weather, have again commenced locating their roosting places on the sleighs.

—Nothing in this world but a mule's leg springs up spontaneously, and every man must build his own road to success.

—When a Virginia gentleman asks another to drink, he blandly says: "Shall we give the public debt a lift?" And they lift.

—When the slippery, cold season of icy, sleety pavements comes, even temperance people can justly be excused if they take a drop now and then.

—A member of the paid fire-department would like to know where this Cardindal Hose the papers are speaking so much about, belongs.

—It may not be amiss to remember, while remarking, if the dog has his day, the cat has his night, that the cat's nights are long in winter, and the "dog days" in summer.

—The old sophism that "the same is not the same," is well illustrated, when a young man finds his father has taken his elegantly-browned meerschaum, and left his highly-ranked and off-colored clay-pipe in its stead.

—The lady who eats a slice of the average wedding cake in order to dream of her future husband, deserves a good one, if only in compensation for the horrible spectres and hobgoblins she deliberately faces, to do it.

—The abolition of a place of future punishment must wreak sad havoc in the English language. Henceforth angry and profane men will be without a locality whither they can invite or recommend obnoxious people to go.

—Tobacco was discovered three hundred years ago, but there lives no boy of the present day who, while suffering from the glory of his first chew, who does not wish its discovery had been postponed that many centuries in the future.

—Scientists state that the influence of the moon upon the tied is very great. Any person who has observed a number of young and gushing couples of a pleasant moonlit night, would be likely to say its influence is greater on the single.

—They probably teach Euclid's mathematics in Vassar Female College by substituting fashion-plates for the usual diagrams, and where it is customary to speak of the square of the hypothenuse, they merely say, "a front breadth, cut bias."

—Why do women, and particularly wives, ask the ballot? What more can they require? Do not, as a rule, their husbands find them in homes, comforts, conveniences, and, for the most part, gossiping in their neighbor's when they return at night?

—To properly understand the relation between profanity and liniment it is necessary to see an ardent, but unskilful, boy with his first skates bring suddenly up against and tumbling the young gentleman who is airing his abilities by skating gracefully backward.

—Cleanliness is not only commendable, but it is highly meritorious. Every one should frequently take a bath, or wash. But all rules have exceptions, and perhaps this fails when a darkey enters a neighbor's yard at midnight with a bag, and proceeds to "take a wash" off the clothesline.

—She was a pert young lady, and he a rather inexperienced young man. "Do wear me this evening," he said, "as your *bow*, your escort," with an unpardonable attempt at a pun. "They say green is not suited to my complexion," she replied, dreamily, and the youth looked embarrassed.

—It is said that the healthiest way to set the head of a bed is toward the north. This is, no doubt, true, but it is not a particle more certain than that, if the the man next door is fighting with his wife, a woman is always sure to have her head against the wall toward that point of the compass where she can best hear them.

—One of the uses of the "sweet, low voice in women" is to sound well in poetry. To get a sleepy boy up these mornings, however, to bring in the coal, it isn't worth speaking of. He generally needs a vocal admonition closely related to a locomotive shriek, and that sounds, as it rushes up the stairs, like the whirr of a dozen cat-o-nine-tails.

—"Young man," solemnly warns a temperance exchange, "beware of the first drink. It is the first drink that makes the drunkard." With all due regard for the excellence of the advice, we are inclined to think our esteemed contemporary has been misled as to the facts. If he will make a personal investigation he will learn that the first drink, unless it is an awfully, fearfully big one, will not make him drunk; but about the time he gets outside of the tenth or fifteenth—wake snakes, and come to judgment.

—He started out at ten o'clock A. M., when he said, "I wish you a Happy New Year." At twelve he was saying, "Wish ye Happy New Year." At two P. M. it was, "Wishshappy New Year." At four, "Sh-shappy Newyer." At six, "Shappy-newer." at eight, "Nappyshever," and at ten, thrusting his night key in his mouth, and vainly endeavoring to let himself in at the front door with his cigar, he turned to Jones and said, "Splendiditime makin' calls; sh'new'r ole fellow, 'n many turns day."

A DULL HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, LOW SPIRITS Want of Appetite and all Bilious Affections are cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills.

THE BLACKSMITH MAN.

My mother puts an apron on to keep my coatics clean,
And rubbers on my little boots; and then I go and lean
Against the blacksmith's doorway, to watch the coal fire shine,
The bellows heave, the hammer swing—I wish they all were mine!
The horses bend their legs and stand; I don't see how they can;
But I would love to shoe their feet, just like the blacksmith man.
Tang tiddle, tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle-tan!
Oh, what a jolly noise he makes, the blacksmith man!

When I grow up an old big man, with whiskers on my chin,
I will not have a grocery store, or dry goods store, or tin;
I will not be a farmer or a lawyer, not a bit;
Or President—all the other boys are meaning to be it—
Or a banker, with the money bills piled high upon the stan'—
I'd rather hold the red-hot iron, and be a blacksmith than!
Tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle tan!
Oh, what a jolly noise he makes, the blacksmith man!

The blacksmith man has got such arms; his shop is such a place;
He gets as dirty as he likes, and no one cleans his face!
And when the lightning's in the sky he makes his bellows blow,
And all his fires flare quickly up, like lightning down below.
Oh, he must have the nicest time that any person can;
I wish I could grow up to-day and be a blacksmith than!
Tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle-tan!
I wish I could grow up to-day, and be a blacksmith man!

I mean to have a little house, with vines and porches to't,
All fixed up nice and clean for me when I get tired of soot.
I'd marry little Susy, and have her for my wife—
We've been so well acquainted with each other all our life!
Oh, I mean to be as hearty and as happy as I can,
And as honest, good, hard-working, jolly, rosy blacksmith man!
Tang tiddle, tang tiddle, tang-tiddle-tan!
Here goes the honest, good, hard-working, jolly blacksmith man!

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the day after the poor widow's visit Lady Caraven had no opportunity of speaking to her husband. He cared little enough, as a rule, for county business, but he was compelled to attend a political meeting at Court Raven, the town which belonged almost entirely to the Ravensmere estates. He did not return until late in the evening, and she did not see him. On the day following she determined to make an opportunity. As it happened, the Earl was at the breakfast-table.

"It will be easy enough," she thought now. "When breakfast is over, I will ask him to spare a few minutes for me."

But, when breakfast was over, the Earl went off with some gentlemen to the stables. There was a fear that his favorite horse was ill, so it was no time then to plead the widow's cause. She tried again at luncheon—it was equally in vain; and the young Countess smiled to think that there should be so much difficulty in the way of speaking a word to her own husband. As a last resource she went to the Red Room.

"Raoul," she said, "Lord Caraven always comes when you want him. Will you make some excuse for sending for him? I want to speak to him very particularly, and I cannot find an opportunity."

Sir Raoul was only too pleased; he thought that the fact of her wishing to speak to him at all was a good sign. He sent for him, and in a few minutes the Earl arrived, pleased, as he always was, to be of use to Sir Raoul.

The soldier talked to him for a few minutes about an imaginary want, and Lord Caraven was deeply interested. He had bowed to his wife on entering the room, but had not spoken to her; now she came up to him.

"Lord Caraven," she said, "can you spare me ten minutes? I will not detain you longer."

An expression of impatience came over his face; she saw it, and her own blanched with anger.

"Have no fear," she said sarcastically; "it is not of myself that I wish to speak."

"I was just going out," he told her hastily.

Her first impulse was to sweep disdainfully from the room, and never to speak to him again. For one-half minute she felt that she hated him; and then she remembered that she had promised to plead the widow's cause—the widow who loved her home for her "dear lad's" sake.

"Lord Caraven," she said gently, "I promise that I will not detain you long. Will you come with me to my room?"

The Earl threw up his eyes with an expression of resignation. Only Sir Raoul saw it, and he felt annoyed.

"I will follow," he said to his wife; and she led the way to her boudoir. It was a pretty octagon-shaped room; the ceiling was painted, the walls were beautifully decorated, the hangings were of rich rose silk and lace; a profusion of flowers perfumed the room.

"What a lady's bower," said the Earl—"flowers, and lace, and perfume! What a dainty little nest!"

Then it struck him that it was the first time since their marriage that he had entered any room belonging to his wife.

"I have not seen this room before," he said; "how pretty it is!"

With proud humility, with touching grace, she bowed to him.

"I am happy to make you welcome to my pretty room," she said.

The Earl laughed—he always did when he wanted to avoid any exhibition of feeling.

"Hildred," he said, "you have caught just a touch of Sir Raoul's manner."

"My manner is entirely my own," she replied proudly. "Lord Caraven, I have a favor to ask of you."

"I do not seem to know myself," declared the Earl—"seated in a lady's boudoir, *tete-a-tete* with a charming woman."

"You are mocking me, my lord," she said. "If you will please to listen, I will soon release you from the *tete-a-tete*."

He laid his handsome head back on the luxurious chair, and she, looking at him, felt for half a moment a longing in her heart that all were different—that he was at home there—that she could kneel by his side, and draw the handsome face down to hers and whisper her requests. Then she felt angry with herself. What a day-dream—what a foolish day-dream about the husband who did not like her!

"Lord Caraven," she said, "I have a favor to ask from you—a great favor. Will you grant it?"

"I will hear first what it is," he replied.

Then she told him. Her heart sank as she saw his face grow dark and angry.

"Which of the servants told you that woman was here?"

"Will you tell me why you wish to know, Lord Caraven?"

"Yes; the moment I know I shall dismiss him without a character, for disobedience."

"If he disobeyed you," she said, "I am sorry for it. But pray do not allow that to influence you against my petition."

He turned round angrily.

"Plainly speaking, Hildred," he said, "I have quite enough annoyance with my tenants without interference from you, and I cannot allow——"

"Lord Caraven," she interposed eagerly, "do believe me—I have not the least wish to interfere; but this poor woman—if you had seen her pale, hungry face and sad eyes."

"It is easy enough to look hungry," he said impatiently.

"You do not mean that. I know you have pity and compassion for the unfortunate—I have seen you kind and generous to them; and this poor woman's husband—and she loved him, mind—her husband, Lord Caraven, died to save your birds. Think—a man killed that a few birds may live!"

"That is your way of looking at the matter. Do you know that you are attacking the very base of society?"

"What am I attacking in this case?" she asked.

"The Game Laws—the most glorious part of the British Constitution. John Woodruff died in defence of the Game Laws, not for my birds."

"As you like," she said gently. "You understand things of that kind better than I do. I only know how sorry I felt for the poor woman, who loved her husband—loved him and lost him."

The unconscious pathos, the sweet sadness in her voice, as she uttered these words, both touched and angered him. He meant to speak gently.

"Hildred, you must not ask me to interfere. It does not do to give way to one's feelings always. I cannot interfere with my tenants. They must pay their rents."

"But," she said pleadingly, "this is a matter of only four-and-sixpence a week—it cannot possibly hurt you."

"It is not a question of money, but of principle. As Blantyre says, if I let this woman live rent-free, every widow on my estate will want to do the same. If I excuse her, I may excuse all the rest. As Blantyre says, it is a bad precedent. I might go on until every tenant on the estate found some touching and pathetic reason why he should not pay any rent—then what would become of me?"

"But that is not probable; and I ask this as an especial favor. You will not refuse, I am sure."

"Blantyre especially warned me about this very matter. He said she would be coming again and again. Do you know that we could get more for the cottage if we tried?"

It was with great difficulty that she controlled herself. To grow impatient would be to lose her cause.

"Will you let me pay the rent for her then?" she asked.

He laughed.

"If you do, we shall raise it to three hundred a year. Seriously speaking, Hildred, you must not interfere—it will not do. It would be a fatal precedent. I must absolutely forbid you to say any more."

She turned from him, her face growing pale, her lips quivering with anger. He saw it, and felt almost sorry.

"I regret to refuse you, Hildred," he said, rising to quit the room. "It is the first favor you have asked of me, and I should have liked to grant it. But I promised Blantyre faithfully that I would not interfere. We must make what we can of the estate, and we shall never do it if we interfere with Blantyre."

She raised her head with a charming air of pique and disdain.

"Pray, my lord," she said, "may I ask if you have left your conscience in Mr. Blantyre's hands?"

"He would not have much to hold," laughed the Earl. "My conscience would go into a small space."

Her face flushed, and her eyes shone brightly.

"Let me ask you, my lord," she said, "have you ever remembered that all this wealth was given to you, not for your own especial self-indulgence, but in trust for the poor and the needy?"

"I should like you to tell Blantyre that," sneered the Earl. "I have never remembered anything of the kind."

"Then let me tell you it is true. I would sooner be the poorest beggar turned from your door than I would be you, with your title, your estates, your wealth, your dead conscience, and your dead heart. Good morning, my lord."

And with an air of dignity the young Countess swept from the room, leaving him dumb with rage.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lady Caraven was not, naturally, prone to anger, but now she trembled with rage that she should be so cruelly insulted, denied the first favor she had ever asked—denied because she took a generous interest in surely the lowliest creature on her husband's estate. It was unheard of. She did not give vent to her anger by any loud outburst of emotion. She did not pace up and down the room, clenching her hands; but she stood silent, her face pale as death, her eyes filled with angry fire. That he should dare to be unkind to her! That he should have listened with that satirical smile on his face, perhaps laughing at her in his heart! She shrank from herself!

"Heaven help me!" she said, "but I am afraid that I hate him!"

Her hands trembled slightly.

"I am in a passion," she said to herself "and no wonder. Was ever wife refused such a trifle?"

While she stood trying to stem the wild current of anger and to cool the fire that seemed to burn her heart and brain, a servant, her own maid, entered.

"My lady," she said, "the Earl is seeking you. Shall I tell him that you are here?"

"If you please," she replied.

She neither moved nor stirred when the Earl came in. She neither turned her beautiful head nor raised her proud eyes. He looked at the tall, slender figure, so unbending, so defiant.

"Hildred," he said sharply, "I wish to speak to you."

She did not even raise her white eyelids or give the faintest sign that she had heard him.

"I wish to speak to you," he repeated more sharply.

"I can hear," said Lady Caraven. "Speak on."

"But I do not choose to speak, madam, unless you give me your attention."

Never did empress of old turn a haughtier face to her foe than she turned now to him—proud, defiant, unbending.

"I would not submit to him now, she thought, "if I must die for it." She might have stood as a statue of Pride.

"Listen to me," said the Earl. "I have been thinking over what you said, and I do not like it. Do you hear? I do not like it."

She answered never a word.

"Do not irritate me," he said. "I am not always master of myself. I—I have a good temper generally, but when I am angry I forget myself. Do not irritate me."

"I have no wish to irritate you," she replied with quiet dignity. "Say what you have to say that I may go quickly."

"I have to say this, Lady Caraven, that you must not speak to me again as you have done to-day—never; I cannot permit it. The wealth of Ravensmere is yours, not mine; but the right to manage my tenants is mine, and I will allow no one to dictate to me."

"The right to manage them most certainly is yours, but I contend that they are cruelly mismanaged, and the wrongs done to the poor on your estate will recoil on your own head, as will the waste, the extravagance, and the folly."

"I am willing that they should. Still I will take anything but advice, and the least of all from you, Lady Caraven, although you may think that you have to give it. I have no wish to repeat any angry words, but you must understand once and for all that I brook no dictation."

She bowed to him.

"Is that all you wished to say, my lord?"

He looked at the beautiful white, proud face, so still, so full of repressed feeling.

"I should like to ask you," he said, "why you dislike Mr. Blantyre so much. You have seen little of him, yet you distrust him."

"I do," she replied quietly. "I did the first time I saw him. He commits positive cruelties in your name, and then lays all at your door. 'It is the Earl's orders,' he says; and under the sanction of your name—a name that ought to be honored and revered—I say that great cruelties, acts of great injustice are committed."

"How am I to know that it is true?" he asked.

"Go yourself amongst the people and ask. You will see men with large families and eighteen shillings a week to support them with, whose rents have been raised one pound a year—their rents, not their wages; those are the laborers employed on your estate—the hewers of wood and drawers of water—the poorest, the most wretched class of men in England."

"That is not Blantyre's fault. You would revolutionize society," he said, interested in spite of himself by the passion of her words.

"I know it is not all Blantyre's fault. If one of the children of a household goes wrong, it is not the hired servant who is to blame, but the father and mother. I know it is not Blantyre's fault; but at the great day, when the wasted lives and the broken hearts of these people cry out for vengeance, we shall know whose fault it was!"

He shrank from the clear gaze of her glowing, eloquent eyes.

"While we are speaking about it," she continued in the same tone of repressed passion, "I will tell you what I think. Heaven placed you in a high position, and entrusted you with vast wealth; the lives, the interests, and the well-being of innumerable dependents lie in your hands. What have you done?"

He shrank as though the hand raised in warning had struck him.

"What have you done?" continued the voice so pitilessly sweet. "You have but one object, and that has been to make the most you could out of them to swell your own income, no matter at what cost to them. You have never studied their interests. Neither their bodies or their souls have had any care from you. Is that right?"

"That is all nonsense," he replied, more startled than he would have cared to own. "You are looking at the matter from a preacher's point of view."

"No—I look at it as any sensible person would look at it. A great land-owner is a great power. He holds a great trust in his hands—life and death are almost in his gift. You have been extravagant, without a thought save of self-indulgence, knowing naught but your own pleasure. Shall I tell you what you ought to be?"

He was silenced by her passion and eloquence—he had no anger, no impatience left.

"You can tell me what you like," he replied.

"I will tell you. Even as a great king is the father of his people, so should a landlord be. You ought to make their interests your own. When the two clash you should give way. Their cares and sorrows should in some measure be yours. You should have wise compassion, prudent forbearance, unlimited self-control. You should know how to reward the good, to punish the bad. Every child born on your estate has an immortal soul—you should provide churches, schools and libraries. You should know where to give in charity, where to withhold your hand. You should know that the health and in some measure the morals of the people you govern are in your hands, flourishing or otherwise, according to the houses you give them to live in. I do not say altogether, but in great measure you are responsible to Heaven for your dependents, your laborers, your servants, the poor at your gates."

He stood perfectly still, listening intently.

"Have you finished, Hildred?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "All that I say is in vain; therefore I will say no more."

She did not wait to hear what reply he would make—it would have been better had she done so—but swept from the room.

It was a humiliation to her when Mary Woodruff came again, to tell her that she had failed in her mission—that, even at her solicitation, the Earl had refused the little boon she asked. She would have given much if she could have shown even to this poor widow some proof of his desire to please her—but she could not.

She was one of those people who never defer a disagreeable duty. She sent that same day for the poor creature, who came trembling for the fate of herself and her children. Lady Caraven received her very kindly, but entered at once into the matter.

"I am sorry to tell you," she said, "that I have failed. Lord Caraven does not feel inclined to forego the rent."

"It is not my lord," cried the woman. "I know it is not. It is Mr. Blantyre's fault; he said I should and must pay. But I cannot, my lady; I have not the means."

"I have thought it all over," said Lady Caraven, "I cannot get the cottage rent free for you, but I can pay the rent. I will give it to you every month, but it must be on the condition that you tell no one. Lord Caraven might be displeased if he heard it."

It was humiliating at first to her to give charities unknown to her husband, and then to beg that they might be kept secret. The gratitude of the poor woman in some measure compensated her, and made her feel less miserable.

But, though Lord Caraven had laughed and sneered and spoken angrily, he had not forgotten his wife's words. Not for the world would he have owned it, or that they had made the least impression on him—on the contrary, he was, if possible, more brusque and abrupt, quoted Blantyre more frequently, and talked more than ever what he would do with poor tenants—yet her words haunted him. They seemed to be written in letters of fire, let him turn his eyes whither he would.

As to Hildred, her humiliation had been great. She was fast losing heart and patience; her hope had died a lingering death—there was no gleam of comfort left her, turn which way she might! Sir Raoul was ill and seldom able to leave his room. Owing to the number of guests in the house, she could not spend so much time with him as formerly. She was dispirited and depressed. Above all, she disliked some of the visitors whom Lord Caraven had invited. There was one who was young, effeminate, weak in character, not much stronger in mind—a Lieutenant Hilstone, who had just succeeded to a large fortune, and who seemed at a loss how to get rid of it most quickly. Lady Caraven had a shrewd suspicion that some of the visitors did not scruple as to how much they won from him. More than once she had overheard heavy wagers made with him which she knew he must lose. She was scornfully impatient. Was not this conduct of her husband's disgraceful—to allow gambling and betting under his roof—to allow a weak young soldier like the Lieutenant to be what she considered robbed?

One of the Earl's most intimate friends—one indeed who knew all about his affairs—was Sir Arthur Oldys; and Hildred overheard him, quite by chance, one day laying a heavy wager with the young Lieutenant. She looked at him calmly.

"Sir Arthur," she said, "I do not consider that is quite fair; Lieutenant Hilstone has no chance. You know more than he does when you lay such a wager—you know that you will win it."

She never forgot the sneer with which he turned to her.

"Lady Caraven," he said, "permit me to offer my congratulations. You understand money-matters almost as well as your talented father."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Without replying to Sir Arthur Oldys' insult, without a word of comment, Lady Caraven instantly quitted the room, her heart burning with hot indignation. How well her husband's friends must know that he did not love her! They would never dare to speak to her as they did but for that knowledge. How well they must know it, when they dared to try to insult her through her father!

Yet she was powerless to resent it. If she complained to the Earl, he would at once take part against her—besides, her own pride would not permit her to do so. They might insult her as they would; it was not from him that she would seek protection. They must have seen that after all she was but the nominal mistress of the house—that she was but a kind of head housekeeper, Countess Caraven in name, but in reality a neglected, unloved, despised wife. She understood how and why these gentlemen failed in respect; her husband had set them the example.

Lady Caraven felt something like despair. Was such a life after all worth having? Was her title worth undergoing so much for? She was living without hope, without love, without happiness, subject to much impertinence. Surely life was not usually like this, or why did people talk of its brightness, its beauty? There was nothing to which she clung in the life she was leading. She would have separated herself from Ravensmere and all that it contained—except Sir Raoul—without a sigh; it was worse than that—she disliked all belonging to it.

Why should she submit any longer? She would rather be a governess rudely treated by an upstart woman than a Countess neglected and despised by her own husband and insulted by his friends. She would rather forego every luxury and work for her daily bread than bear this life any longer. Why should she? The Earl had married her for her money; now he had it—nothing could take it from him. Her father had sold her for a title; he could call himself the father of Lady Caraven—nothing could undo that. But she was indisposed any longer to be the victim of both. She would seek her freedom, and would find it.

She walked with head erect, with flushed face and angry eyes, through the splendid rooms. They were all more or less occupied. In the library some gentlemen were writing letters—the billiard room was also engaged—the ladies of the party occupied different apartments. It seemed to her that nowhere would she find peace. Her whole soul was in a fever of unrest, a tumult of sadness and weariness. Her heart ached, her head throbbed. She longed with desperate longing for a few minute's repose—it seemed to her that her life was hurrying on like a swift river into an unknown sea. She wanted to stop and see whither it was going. Everywhere there was the same noise—the deep voices and deep laughter of men, the light tones and gay laughter of women. There was not a spot in the whole place for rest. She pressed her hand against the temples that throbbed so violently. She looked around her half irresolutely. Whither should she go? Then she bethought herself of the pleasaunce—the only spot where she could even imagine herself alone.

The pleasaunce must have been constructed by some one who knew how human nature longed for rest. Few of the Ravensmere people knew of its existence—the visitors did not. Some of the servants were in perfect ignorance as to its whereabouts. It was constructed for the sole and exclusive use of the Ladies Caraven. Rumor told strange stories of one of the daughters of the house who had been born with a deformity in the face so terrible that she was unfit for human eyes to gaze upon. The earl, her father, never permitted her to leave the house, and this little garden had been constructed entirely for her use. It was enclosed between four high walls, and those walls were covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy. No windows, no towers overlooked the garden. The paths were broad and straight, the whole place was a wilderness of flowers.

The young Countess bethought herself of this retreat. She had one key of the dark green door that led to it; Sir Raoul had another. She would go thither, she said to herself, and look her life in the face, and then decide what to do with it. It was slowly dawning across her that she would not be able to bear her trials much longer; that she could not and would not endure them; that there was a brighter life somewhere, which she was determined to find out; that she could not sacrifice her whole life to a shadow of duty; that, in fact, she would go forth free.

Free! The very word made her heart beat quickly. Free! She would no longer be tied to the man whose indolence, whose self-indulgence, whose cold indifference and neglect, whose utter want of interest in his duties, irritated and annoyed her every hour of the day—to the handsome, indolent man, who allowed fever and disease to run riot in the cottages belonging to him, while he wrung from the tenants all he could get, who abandoned every duty and was satisfied to leave the most solemn of his engagements to a man like John Blantyre.

She was tired of it. She would be free—free to go whither she would. Why should she remain? Her father had deceived her—he had told her that she could live without love, that nothing was of any worth except rank, wealth and position. She had found it to be untrue. Looking back now, she regretted bitterly that she had not decided otherwise, and had not refused to live without love.

She went to the pleasaunce. If she were interrupted there, it could be only by her husband or Sir Raoul; there was no fear of other intruders. A sense of relief came to her when she found herself between the four high walls. The blue sky smiled down upon her, the languid air stirred faintly, the scent of roses came to her on the wind; it was like a reprieve to enter that quiet retreat, and feel alone.

She walked down one of the broad, straight paths to where crimson carnations grew side by side with white lilies, and there she seated herself to rest—alone. And it was so sweet to be alone. There was no sound of men's voices or of light laughter; no sneer could reach her where she was; there was nothing but the blue sky above, and the breath of the sweet western wind. She was shut out from all sounds—alone, with the thread of her life in her hands.

It was a dreary tangle, a miserable disappointment. She was tired and weary. Looking back, she thought she must have been mad to sacrifice herself as she had done; married for her money, sold for a title, her own will, her own womanhood had never asserted itself. Her handsome, indolent husband did nothing but treat her with indifference and contempt. She could do nothing for him. He was on the way to ruin. How could she arrest him? His whole life was a round of senseless pleasure from which she could never divert him. He had all that he wanted—her money. Now surely she could go free—free, to lead a more congenial life, where she would not live in the midst of annoyances and vexations.

She would go and live in France or Italy—anywhere away from England. Her father might be angry. She would not heed it. He had shown but little love for her; she would not consider him. The only regret she felt—and it was a deep one—was for Sir Raoul. Sir Raoul, the only human being who had cared for her—what would he say when he knew she was going? He would miss her so terribly; but, even for his sake, dear as he was to her, she could not stay. He would miss her, he who loved her with a true loyal love; but she would tell him how wretched she was, how utterly miserable, and then he would see that she must go.

Suddenly—she could not tell why—the self-command of long years broke down. Her pride, her courage, her high spirit, the proud sense of resentment that had sustained her broke down, and she wept as she had never wept in her life before. The passionate tears seemed to relieve her. It was a luxury to weep there alone—for once to give herself up to the full sense of her misery, of her disappointment, of her blighted life—for once to dare to look the truth full in the face, and own to herself that she was one of the most miserable, most wretched girls in the whole wide world.

She sobbed out the words. It was a relief to say them—a relief to say even to herself that she was miserable; she had been so proudly reticent, so self-restrained.

Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and looking up, she saw Sir Raoul standing by her side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIEND TWIN'S DIARY.

January.—Am born. Didn't want to be. Object immediately, as loud as I can. Younger brother born seven minutes later. Looks like a fool, but may improve as he mellows with age.

February.—Catch a cold. Give it to younger brother. He's sicklier than I am. Very nearly settles him.

March.—Catch a nice rash. Pass it on to the other cove. Pretty well winds up his clock.

April.—They've christened us. I'm Augustus, and he's Alexander. Don't he look like an ass of an Alexander! I'll kick him when he sleeps.

May.—Got the nettle-rash. Hooray! So's he!—only worse.

June.—They don't think they'll be able to rear him. He's to have cod-liver oil. Can't help laughing.

July.—He's been squalling awful. Nurse says it's his nasty temper. I know it's a pin, but I'm not going to say so.

August.—We've got a nurse, who talks to tall man, and leaves perambulator basking in the sun. Alexander has got a blister on his nose. They don't know what it is, but they're going to give him a powder.

September.—I've given him the scarlatina. He seems resigned. I've nailed his feeding-bottle.

October.—I've got a new game now—poking the rattle into his ear when the nurse ain't looking.

November.—We're beginning to walk. He's weaker on his pins than I am, so I can shove him over easy.

December.—I'm beginning to cut my first tooth. As soon as it's through, I've made up my mind to bite Alexander.

A TIN-CLAD CATFISH.—A Wisconsin paper says: A boy, while fishing in Lake Butts des Morts, the other day, felt a nibble, and, drawing his hook towards the shore, observed a half gallon fruit can trailing on the bottom. Having secured the vessel, he was greatly surprised to find that a large catfish had taken up his abode therein and remained until his increased dimensions did not admit of egress. He had evidently flopped around in his tin parlor until a hole was made in the rust-eaten bottom, through which his tail protruded. In this condition the catfish had power to navigate from one place to another, and must have been regarded by his aquatic neighbors as a kind of iron-clad monitor.

News of Interest

—President Hayes receives 100 letters a day.

—San Francisco has about 100 gambling houses.

—England fed 606,392 out-door paupers last year.

—It is a fact that Digger Indians actually eat dirt.

—There are 11,000 men on the London police force.

—The courts of Wisconsin annul the Utah divorces.

—Texas would make 210 States equal in size to Rhode Island.

—Four sisters were married in one day at Pawlet, Vt., recently.

—The Boston post-office refuses to take trade dollars in payment for stamps.

—It costs $375,000 annually to keep the trees and shrubbery of Paris in order.

—Minnesota courts uphold the pedagogue in the punishment of children.

—Fifteen per cent. of the pupils in the Hartford, Conn., schools are near-sighted.

—There is talk of a State law in Georgia to prevent minors from chewing tobacco.

—The Cherokee Indians are enough civilized to possess a public debt of $187,000.

—Of 369 members of Congress only 193 are natives of the States which they represent.

—There were only eighty-three murderers hanged last year among a population of 40,000,000.

—A club for the encouragement of "glass ball shooting" has been formed at New Haven, Conn.

—The Australian International Exhibition of 1879 seems likely to be of considerable importance.

—Nine hundred and thirty-five men own a third of Great Britain, or twenty-five million acres.

—They have an Anti-Profanity Society at the Lehigh Valley machine shop, in Easton, Pennsylvania.

—Travellers' candlesticks, to hang on the lappel of a coat or on the back of a car seat, are the latest device.

—A Washington correspondent of the Toledo *Blade* says Miss Kellogg was once betrothed to Bierstadt, the artist.

—During the year 1876, 108,771 Italians came to America. Of this number, 89,000 are set down as temporary tourists.

—Jules Ferry, a French Republican leader, is said to be threatened with insanity from the excessive use of hair dye.

—The number of parishes in Russia is said to be 36,000, and the aggregate of the income of their clergy about $23,500,000.

—During the year 1877 twenty-six murders were committed in San Francisco, twelve of which were charged upon Chinamen.

—There are estimated to be about 350 match-girls, 700 bootblacks, 100 sweepers, and 250 flower-girls daily and nightly busy in New York streets.

—An English engineer, while surveying the Isthmus of Darien, had his blood sucked during sleep by a vampire bat, and died from exhaustion.

—The gold yield of Georgia is now half a million dollars a year, and the Atlanta *Constitution* thinks it may be carried to that amount for a month.

—The pineapple flavor furnished to ice creams and candies is reported as produced from butyric ether or acetate of butyle, both produced from coal tar.

—In every 10,000 of the population of England and Wales there were 18-67 insane in 1859 and 27-14 in 1877. The proportionate increase in 18 years has been 8-47.

—During the past year, casualties resulting from boiler explosions within the United States involved a loss of life to 131 persons, and the wounding and maiming of 123—in all, 254.

—The Kaffres of Afghanistan have such a deadly hatred for their Mohammedan neighbors in the Swat valley that their young men are obliged each to kill a Mohammedan before he can take a wife.

—The teachers in the public schools of Baltimore have just formed a beneficial association, whose object is to provide certain benefits for the members in cases of sickness or disability, and for their families in cases of death.

—All babies born in the Oneida, (N. Y.) Community are taken from their mothers at their births, and at once handed over to other women to rear. No child, therefore, will ever know its own mother, for they are all owned in common.

—The Car Record Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad has just completed its count of cars destroyed at Pittsburg, Pa., in the July riots. The number is set down at sixteen hundred and eighty-two, embracing every class, from a passenger to a stone car.

—Frank Lynch, a would-be suicide, was arrested on the Fort Wayne railroad bridge over the Allegheny river, Pa., Tuesday night, the officer coming upon him while he was preparing to jump. He confessed to having murdered his little child, a boy two years and a half old, by throwing him into the river on the night of the 15th of December.

—A sad story comes from Texas. A Miss Moore was preparing for marriage and invited a friend, Miss Williams, to assist her. In rummaging through a drawer an old pistol was carelessly handled by Miss Williams, resulting in the shooting and instant death of Miss Moore. She was buried on the day that was to have been her wedding day, and the other young lady, who was the innocent cause of it, has become insane.

—The late King Victor Emanuel never ate in public. He sat out all State dinners at which he was obliged to be present with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword, without tasting anything, except perhaps some trifle at dessert. His long and superabundant moustaches were the cause of this abstemiousness. He made up for it, however, in private, when he could bind up his obstructives on each side of his face without becoming a public laughing-stock.

—On Monday morning last, the police in the neighborhood of Stirling and Chase streets, Baltimore, were excited by frequent discharges of a revolver. Rushing to the corner they found a colored man lying on the pavement unconscious, with an empty seven-shooter in his hand. On removing him to the station he recovered, and stated that he was accustomed to fits and feeling one coming had braced himself against a tree and summoned assistance in this novel manner.

THE ORPHANS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The expression on the countenance of Fritz, as these rapid thoughts flashed through his brain, was unobserved by Sara, engrossed as her attention was by her music lesson. Escaping from her side unnoticed, Fritz ran up the long flights of broad stairs, and along the third story entry to his little room, where, bolting the door, he seized his treasure bag, and poured out all its contents in a glittering heap on the bed. As he counted over the money once more, and felt the assurance that he was really the possessor of a hundred dollars, all earned honestly by his persevering industry, his heart gave a great leap of joy.

"If I can do this much in the little time I have had to spare," thought the boy, as he tied up his bag and laid it carefully away, "surely it will not be so very long before I will be able to provide an independence for my sister."

As the day was Saturday, Fritz had the whole afternoon at his disposal. After Mrs. Somers and Katie had returned from their shopping, and dinner was over, Fritz was hurrying away, determined to purchase a handsome dress for Sara immediately, that it might be made up in time for the party, and, turning a corner quickly, he had the misfortune to run with so much violence against an aged gentleman, that it was with great difficulty he could sustain an upright position, while his cane, broken in two pieces, lay on the ground at his feet.

"Take care, my boy," he cried good humoredly; "did you hurt yourself much?"

"Oh! I ask your pardon, sir," answered Fritz. "I was very careless, and there is no excuse for my rudeness."

"Still, I think I will excuse you, on condition that you give me the help of your arm to my boarding house, which is a short way up the street. See, I have broken my cane, and I can't walk without it."

"It will give me much pleasure to be of use to you," answered Fritz, with a winning smile.

The gentleman took the boy's proffered arm, and, after walking a short distance, stopped before a handsome residence.

"I am living here for the present," he said. "Will you be kind enough to help me up the steps and ring the bell?"

The servant who came to the door relieved Fritz of his burden; and as the boy, with a bow, was about taking his departure, the old gentleman cried out:

"Not so fast, young sir. Come in awhile; I should like to improve our acquaintance."

Although Fritz was eager to make his escape, at the gentleman's request he entered the house with him, and, passing up a flight of stairs, went into a front room, luxuriously furnished.

"Take a seat, sir, take a seat," the old gentleman said. He was now walking about readily enough, as the loss of his broken cane had been supplied. "Here, John," addressing a servant standing by, "roll up that green chair, it is easier than this, and the boy must be tired after bearing my weight for nearly a square. Bring us some cake and wine, John, and be quick about it. I am a whimsical old fellow, you see," the old gentleman continued, as he cut a piece of cake and poured out a glass of wine for Fritz, "so when I tell you that I have taken a fancy to your young face and ask you for your name, I hope you will not refuse to give it to me."

"I don't know why I should do that," answered Fritz, with a smile, as he took a card from his pocket and handed it to the gentleman, who, as he read the name upon it, gave a great start, while an involuntary "God bless me!" escaped from his lips.

"Fritz Ogden!" he exclaimed, as he held the card up before him. "Fritz Ogden! And your father; who is he?"

"My father was Captain John Ogden, of the United States Navy. Unfortunately I am an orphan," replied Fritz.

The gentleman leaned his head upon his hands for a time, apparently pondering over something of importance. At last, seeming to have conquered his perplexity, he said:

"I knew your father, Fritz. He was a beloved friend of mine years ago. It must have been your resemblance to him, that I now see very plainly, that drew my heart towards you. Does your mother live in Carrollton?"

A sad expression passed over the boy's countenance, as he replied:

"My dear mother, too, is dead."

Again an exclamation of surprise escaped the old gentleman's lips, and, after a pause, he asked:

"You had a sister if I remember aright, a twin sister—with whom are you living now?"

"Our Uncle Somers has taken us into his family," said Fritz.

"And are you happy there."

"We ought to be; he is our only relation."

"I thought your father had a brother Fritz, after whom you were named—where is he?"

"We have not heard of him for many years. Mamma always thought he must have died abroad."

"Ah! he was a bad fellow, I have no doubt."

"If you had ever known him, you would not say that. I was very young when he went abroad, but I can remember how good he was, and how Sara and I loved him. And when mamma became sick, she was always regretting his absence, and saying she could die content if Uncle Fritz was at home to be a father to her orphan children."

"Poor Marie! poor Marie!" sighed the old gentleman.

"And now, sir, I will be going, if you will excuse me. I have something to do yet, this afternoon, and it is nearly night now."

The gentleman opened a drawer, and, taking out of it a blank card, wrote the name of Robert Staunton upon it, and handing it to Fritz, said:

"Give the card to your uncle, and he will not refuse to let you visit me. Tell him I have just returned from South America, where I have been for many years. Now, Fritz, give me your hand. Although I am a stranger to you, you can trust me as your father's friend. Come to me freely, either in your joys or sorrows, and you will always find me able and willing to help you."

Fritz took up his hat, and was soon in the street; but his interview with Mr. Staunton had made an impression on his mind that could not be shaken off. Instead of proceeding to the stores, as he had intended, he turned his steps homeward. This meeting with his father's friend had completely bewildered him, and he would scarcely have believed in its reality, had he not yet carried the card, intended for Mr. Somers, in his hand.

When Fritz arrived at home he met his uncle at the door. On presenting him with Mr. Staunton's card, and relating how he had met him, his uncle replied:

"It is all right, Fritz; you have my permission to visit him at your pleasure. He was a friend to your mother when in trouble, and is a highly honorable man."

After the door had closed, on Fritz's departure from his presence, Mr. Staunton seized a cane, and began to walk about the room, muttering these words to himself:

"Poor Marie!—dead! I was not prepared for that. How strange that I should meet her boy! Well, it will save me some trouble. I must see the girl, too. Somers shall not have them if I can prevent it. The mean, pitiful dog! With more money than he knew what to do with, he let his sister and her children want the absolute necessities of life! The boy will come again. Somers dare not keep him away. Robert Staunton! Ha! ha! That was a happy thought. Thank Heaven, I am able to care for the children now!"

Fritz improved every opportunity to visit his new friend, who had won the boy's heart by the kind interest he took in his and Sara's welfare; for, encouraged in his communications by Mr. Staunton, Fritz had told him of his struggles to ameliorate the condition of his sister, and of the little sum of money he had amassed, and held ready for her use. Mr. Staunton's uniform sympathy was very sweet to Fritz, who had thought, before he had met with this kind friend, that there was no one in the wide world, except his sister, who felt any interest in him.

The day for Katie's party was fast approaching, and the dress for Sara had not yet been purchased. Fritz now set himself about this business in earnest. He was fortunate in having a friend in the proprietor of a handsome store, where all kinds of fashionable goods were to be found. This gentleman, Mr. Cole, took pleasure in displaying his choicest goods to the boy, and gave him advice about what would be the most suitable dress for a young lady of Sara's age and complexion. The result was the purchase of a pale blossom-colored silk, with trimmings of a beautiful gauzy texture, Mr. Cole assuring him that a simple dress, made of handsome material, was much more becoming for a very young lady than the most elaborate toilet he could buy.

And now, with his neat package in his arms, Fritz hastened homeward, picturing to himself the joy that would dance in the bright eyes of his sister when she saw her beautiful present, and the astonishment and pride with which she would listen to him when he told her the secret he had concealed from her so long.

But these bright anticipations were not to be realized. Fritz was met by his uncle in the hall, where he had been walking to and fro, waiting for the boy's return. With a clouded brow, he desired Fritz to go with him to the library, as he had something of importance to say to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD FRENCH SOCIETY.

With the death of the old king and the accession of the Regent Orleans, there came a vast change over French society. The profligacy which had been for years skulking beneath the priest's cloak now stood forth in the broad light of day, no longer avoiding notice, but courting every eye and glorying in its infamy. Not the vilest days of Imperial or Pagan Rome could surpass the infamies of the Regent's salons, and of his *petits soupers*. Here were foreshadowed the liberty, equality, and fraternity of a succeeding generation; here mingled nobles, poets, philosophers, abbes, courtesans, and court ladies in bacchanalian orgies and celebrations of the Mysteries of Aphrodite. Splendid apartments, furnished with the most costly voluptuousness; viands which might have tempted Apicius or Lucullus; coarse bons mots, sallies of licentious wit, mockery at religion and morality, each *roue* striving to outdo the other; then a sudden influx of masques from the ball of the Opera, which was next door to the Palais Royal, and in swarm grisettes, danseuses, nobles, ladies attired as nuns, fairies, bayaderes; noble lords as Chinamen, monks, and devils; now the revelry waxes riotous; the danseuses and grisettes fall upon the choice comestibles and the iced champagne. The jests grow coarser and more sacrilegious, the laughter more boisterous; there is a babel of tongues, of oaths, and bacchanalian songs, unbridled licence of every kind, until intoxication lapses into stupefaction and swinish sleep. The Regent's daughter, the Duchesse du Berri, was frequently one of these bacchantes.

JAPANESE BREACHES OF PROMISE.—After a Japanese lover has proven false to his vows, the deserted maiden rises at about two o'clock in the morning, and dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coif is a metal tripod, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover—and in her right she grasps a hammer and nail, with which she nails it to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her petition be heard she will herself pull out the nails which offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strike in two more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life, for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead. It is a curious illustration of the hold superstition yet has on the Japanese mind.

THE GOLD RING.—A superstition or fancy prevails amongst the Irish peasantry that a marriage without the use of a gold ring is not legal. In some places, therefore, it is common to use the same gold ring, which remains in the custody of the priest, or to hire a gold ring for the purpose.

"A Tip-Top Paper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is now more than a half-century old, and twice as large as when we were a subscriber to it 48 years ago. If you want a tip-top paper, fifty-two times a year, send for the POST. —(*Dispatch*, Pleasant Hill, Mo.

ROMANTIC ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

Many of our most important inventions and discoveries owe their origin to the most trivial circumstances; from the simplest causes the most important effects have ensued. The trials of two robbers before the Court of Assizes of the Basses-Pyrenees accidentally led to a most interesting archæological discovery. The accused, Rivas, a shoemaker, and Bellier, a weaver, by armed attacks on the highways and frequent burglaries, had spread terror around the neighborhood of Sisteron. The evidence against them was clear, but no traces could be obtained of the plunder, until one of the men gave a clue to the mystery. Rivas, in his youth, had been a shepherd boy near that place, and knew the legend of the Hole of Silver a cavern on one of the mountains with sides so precipitous as to be almost inaccessible, and which no one was ever known to have reached. The Commissary of Police after extraordinary labor, succeeded in scaling the mountain, and penetrated to the mysterious grotto, where he discovered an enormous amount of plunder of every description. The way having been once found, the vast cavern was afterwards explored by savans, and their researches brought to light a number of Roman medals of the third century, flint hatchets, ornamented pottery, and the remains of ruminants of enormous size. These interesting discoveries, however, obtained no indulgence for the accused who were sentenced to twenty years hard labor. The discovery of gold in Nevada was made by Mormon immigrants in 1850. Adventurers crossed the Sierris and set up their sluice boxes in the canyons; but it was gold they were after, and they never suspected the existence of silver, nor knew it when they saw it. The bluish stuff which was so abundant, and which was silver ore, interfered with their operations and gave them the greatest annoyance. Two brothers named Grosch possessed more intelligence than their fellow-workers, and were the real discoverers of the Comstock lode; but one of them died from a pickaxe wound in the foot, and the other was frozen to death in the mountains. Their secret died with them. When at last, in the early par' of 1859, the surface croppings of the lode were found, they were worked for the gold they contained, and the silver was thrown out as being worthless. Yet this lode since 1860 has yielded a large proportion of all the silver produced throughout the world. The silver mines of Potosi were discovered through the trivial circumstance of an Indian accidentally pulling up a shrub, to the roots of which were attached some particles of the precious metal. During the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the little village of Cosorow, in the Island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, was sacked by the contending armies, the villagers escaping to the hills to save their lives. Among them was a simple pastor named Schwerdler, and his pretty daughter Mary. When the danger was over the villagers found themselves without houses, food, or money. One day, we are told, Mary went up the Streckelberg to gather blackberries; but soon afterwards she ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber, each of very great size. She told her father that near the shore the wind had blown away the sands from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance; and that she had covered it over to conceal her secret. The amber brought money, food, clothing and comfort; but those were superstitious times, and a legend goes that poor Mary was burned for witchcraft. At the village of Stumen, amber was first accidentally found by a rustic who was fortunate enough to turn up some with his plough.

NECROMANCERS OF OLD.

The raising of ghosts was a favorite exploit of the necromancers of old; the fame of Torraiva, the Spanish magician, has been immortalized in Don Quixote. The demons that the celebrated Italian, Benvenuto Cellini, describes as having seen when he got within the conjurer's circle, and which amazement magnified into several legions, are now believed to have been merely figures produced by a magic lantern; and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes is accounted for by the burning of odoriferous woods, in order to dim the visions of the spectators. When the Emperor Charles the Fourth was married to the Bavarian Princess Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the bride brought with him a wagon load of magicians to assist him in the festivities. Two of the chief proficients in the part—Zytho, the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion, the Bavarian — appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial before an exalted assembly. After superhuman efforts to astonish, Zytho opened his jaws from ear to ear, and swallowed his companion until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out because he said they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror, but Zytho calmed their apprehensions by restoring the vanquished Guion in his perfect corporeal proportions in life—a triumph of art inexplicable.

MR. DUFFY SWEARS OFF.—Nine o'clock, A. M. "I lay my hand on my heart and forever forswear the use of intoxicating beverages."

Ten A. M. "No, thank you. I lay my hand on my heart and forever forswear the use of intoxicating beverages."

Eleven, A. M. "Nuck, don't drink. Laid my han' on m' heart's morning, an' forever forswore the use of intoxicating beverages."

High noon. "Narrabit. Laid my han' on my heart 'sh morning and forever forswore th' use of intoxicating beverages."

Two, P. M. "Firsh time dooshn't count. But 'sh morning laid m'—hic—hand ommy heart and forever forshwore use of intoxicating bevalages."

Four, P. M. "Seltemuppagain! Thish lasht time. Laymy han' nommy—hic!—heart, fullever foshwear use of Intoxicated bellavages."

Ten, P. M. "Lamrod, fill th' ful—ful—hic!—ful—flowing bo—hic!—owl! He'sh jolly good fur—feller! Lesh fellever f'swear use of tockshidel bevagels."

11.30 P. M. "Whoop go! I'm al' rl't Smatterr'th you? Nev' mind bootsh; allus schleep 'ith 'em on. Lesh f'ever f'shwear—hic—tocksh—f'shwear tockshy—tocksh—tockshead!—"

(The bell strikes twelve. Mr. Duffy takes no note of time.)

"A Standard Literary Paper."

The POST is a favorite in the family circle. It is always interesting and instructive. Its stories are by the best modern writers, and the miscellaneous literature of its columns always of the most readable kind. The POST is a standard literary paper, and one of the best in the country. —[*Herald*, Lexington, Ohio.

WASHINGTON'S ONLY SISTER.

Mrs. Betty Lewis, Washington's only sister, is described, in *Scribner* for February, as a woman of many virtues, and well beloved of her famous brother. In the future, however, she is more likely to be celebrated for her spelling than for anything else. We quote the following letter from the article:

"July 5th, 1790.

MY DEAR BROTHER I receiv'd your Letters of 20th and 29th of June, the day after I wrote to you I was attack with the ague and fever which has lasted ever since I had never been clear of fever since. I Expected your coming threw Baltemore that you would ascertain Mr. Parkes fortune thoe I believe he would not tell anything fals on the Occasion, Harriot's Brother Wrote her a letter from Baltemore and likewise one to Mr. Parks congratulateing them on there Intended Union which he sayes he makes no dout will be a very happy one. Lawrence was here at the time that Mr. Parks firs spoke to Harriot on the subject and I beg'd of him to make all the inquire he could but never hard from him until the letter I have mention'd here and concluded from that he had Inquired and was well Pleas'd, when Mr. Parks ask'd my consent I told him I had nothing to say to it that you ware the Person to be appil'd to, I have never concern'd myself with it I think Harriot is Old Enough now to make choice for her self, and if thay are not happy I believe it will be her one fait, he bars the Best carneter of any young Person that I know,

I now my Dear Brother have to thank you for your good attention of sending me a mule if you had any to spear, but had no write to Expect you to Disfurnish your self.

I am mutch oblige to you for your invitasion to Mount Vernon but it is utterly out of my Power to get up, I believe I wrote to you last fall that I had but two old Horses and in Tenn [*word left out*] from that my stable was broken open and the best of them carr'd of and from that day to this I have not har'd a word of him that was the forth chariot Hors that I lost in Fredericks you may Believe I had no great Parsirility for the Place, Harriot is Better and is gone to the forth of July in Town but I think she looks badly.

My Love to you and my Sister Washington concludes me your

Affectionate sister
Betty Lewis.

P. S.—I fear you will hardly make out as I have a violent Headake and a horrid caugh—I believe Harriot is distressed to know how she is to be Provided with things for a Wesling dress."

The Antecedents of Disease.

Among the antecedents of disease are lnertness in the circulation of the blood, an unnaturally attenuated condition of the physique, indicating that the life-current is deficient in nutritive properties, a wan, haggard look, inability to digest the food, loss of appetite, sleep and strength, and a sensation of unnatural languor. All these may be regarded as among the indicia of approaching disease, which will eventually attack the system and overwhelm it, if it is not built up and fortified in advance. Invigorate, then, without loss of time, making choice of the greatest vitalizing agent extant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an elixir which has given health and vigor to myriads of the sick and debilitated, which is avouched by physicians and analysts to be pure as well as effective, which is immensely popular in this country, and extensively used abroad, and which has been for years past one of the leading medicinal staples of America.

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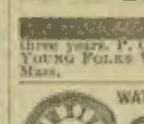

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THE WARDEN'S TALE.

A Parable for the Age.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

I am warden of a garden—
Of a garden quaint and fair;
Seldom does the king, my master,
Ever wish to wander there.

Little cares he for the blossoms
On the fruits beside the wall;
In the centre blooms a rose tree,
And the roses claims he all.

But one day there came a pilgrim,
Lofty air yet winning mien,
And he asked a tiny flower
Pale as is the moonlight's sheen.

So I plucked and gave it to him,
And he wore it on his breast
As we walked along the garden,
Pausing here and there to rest.

Day by day returned this pilgrim;
As we paced the shaded aisles
Friendlier grew his words of greeting,
Tenderer his friendly smiles.

And we often gathered flowers—
Spotless lilies, pansies cold
As the purple in the heavens
When it borders twilight's gold.

But one day our footsteps straying
To the garden's centre came,
Where the roses on the branches
Bloomed with tropic hearts of flame.

Then with lips so sweet and tender,
And with eyes more tender still,
"Give me but one rose," he whispered,
"And then ask whate'er you will."

How could I the rose refuse him,
If his eyes my heart did melt?
So I stretched my hand to reach it,
When a piercing thorn I felt.

"Ah! 'tis not my rose to give you!"
With an aching heart I spake,
In the pain of that refusing
Which I longed to have him take.

"'Tis but one rose that I asked for,"
Straight he said, in grieved surprise;
"When your master counts so many,
Bloom they only for his eyes?"

"Take the violets, take the pansies,
Take the lilies, if you will,
But unworthy I for warden
If no trust I do fulfill.

"And this rose bush, he has told me,
Must be left for him alone;
So I cannot give his roses,
Though they be so thickly blown.'

"Give me one; he will not miss it
Though he count them o'er and o'er—
Only one; 'tis all I ask for,
And I ne'er will ask for more.

"Give it, warden; lips refusing
Wear not grace as when they yield;
And I know the king, thy master,
Gathers in another field."

Then I wavered. In that moment
He knew not the half my pain
As I answered, "Reach and take it,
For you shall not plead in vain."

So, with eager hand approaching,
He stooped low to pick the rose,
When a serpent, coiled beneath it,
Did his fiery eyes disclose.

Then I, shivering, started forward,
All my heart with anguish torn:
"Leave the roses for the lilies;
They have neither sting nor thorn."

But he drew me close beside him,
And he whispered in my ear
Words that I, another's warden,
Might not, ought not, dared not hear.

How I wrung my hands in sorrow,
How my heart ached with despair,
How I prayed to God to help me,
How he heard my frantic prayer,

Is a tale that ne'er was spoken;
But the pilgrim since that day
Has not sought my master's roses,
Has not even passed this way.

Now to other wardens say I—
For I've won the right to speak
By the anguish of my spirit
And the pallor of my cheek—

King or prince, or who he may be
That to thee doth trust confide,
Leave no pilgrim in the precincts
At his will to wander wide.

Pick no pansies, no, nor lilies,
To adorn another's breast,
Than the one who is thy master,
If thy conscience would have rest;

For no pilgrim but will wander
Where the owner's roses bloom,
When the lilies and the pansies
Lose for him their faint perfume.

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

III.

They hurried up, eager to hear his adventure, and came again into the cosy little sitting-room, where the fire-place was now one glowing mass of cheerful flame that lighted up the whole apartment with a ruddy illumination exceedingly comfortable to behold.

"This is grand!" cried Henry, rubbing his hands, "but the first thing to do is to seek Louis! Does the gas work yet?"

"No," answered Miranda, "we looked at the metre. It was not frozen, nor did it need water. As you say, let us seek Louis at once." And she re lighted the tapers. "I will," said Henry, removing his dripping coat, and hanging it over a chair-back to dry. "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen—but the fact is—"

"That you're wet through," interrupted Miranda. "Dear—dear—where have you been?"

"I'll tell you; be patient," said Henry, as he crouched down upon the rug in front of the grate, and huddled nearer the blazing coals, yet actually shivering as he did so. "Ugh! but I'm cold yet!" he exclaimed.

"Tell us your story," said Miranda, eagerly. "It may lead us upon the track of poor Louis."

"It's not likely that Louis went the way I went," he answered, "but come," he added, "let us be off—let us all have the pleasure of seeking him. For my part, it seems to me this night is nothing but a terrible game of hide and seek."

"I'm impatient to hear all about your journey to the unknown," said Miranda. "Go on."

"I'll tell it all in the space of a second," answered Henry; "in the meantime prepare to look the house over from garret to cellar, and rouse the neighborhood, if need be. Well, when I left you I ran down stairs, along the entry straight to the door, for the very reason that the front door was wide open, and the wind was banging it about at a fearful rate——"

"Wide open. Great heavens!" exclaimed Miranda.

"Was that the noise we heard?" gasped Esther.

"It was," returned Henry; "be quiet, now, and listen. Do not be alarmed. Miranda I beg of you to sit still; every thing is right. There is no danger. I'm going to tell you about it. Well, I wondered, of course, about the door being open, and so I went out on the step and gave a glance up and down the street, for the double purpose of seeing if I could discern an intruder, or a policeman. I saw nothing—nobody. I was on the point of coming in again, when the wind, with a diabolical whiff, banged the door in my face, and there I was shut out in the snow and cold. My first impulse was, naturally, to give the bell a furious pull, which I did, and which you didn't seem to hear."

"Oh, Henry," cried Miranda, "we heard the bell, and Louis went instantly down to the door."

"So be it," returned Henry, with a smile, "we won't quarrel. As soon as I rang, I waited a few minutes—then gave the bell another jerk and ran to the corner in hopes of seeing the night watchman. Then I ran back to the door and gave the bell another pull—like a dentist. Waited a minute, and then made up my mind to try another way. Very possibly while I was at the corner Louis was at the door, but when I came back the door was tight shut. However, what did I do but run with all the speed I could, considering the slippery pavements, up the side street to the back alley, and thence gave a clamber and break-neck spring into the yard. Then I gave a shout which might have awakened the dead, but as you were not dead, of course it didn't awaken you. You were all deaf and dumb. Then I shuffled along the yard to the back door, and for a wonder you heard me at last, and took me in."

"How in the name of goodness did the front door come open in the first place?" queried Miranda.

"I suppose," answered Henry, "that it had not been properly shut when our guests left, and that the northeast gale blew it open."

"Rather," said Miranda, "it was Mr. Schaff's fault. He came in last. Who let him in? That's the question. Kate was in bed."

Ah, indeed, that was a question. For Mr. Louis Schaff had found no difficulty in having his ring answered when he reached the house of the Claybornes, fresh from the sociable.

So some mysterious personage had acted as servant for the occasion. Possibly, and probably, such was the case, but everything seemed equally as mysterious as before Henry's explanation; and there was still no idea of how a clue was to be found which would reach deep into that labyrinth of darkness, and guide the absent Louis back to comfort and friends. The company pondered a moment in silence over the enigma of this night.

Henry broke silence with:

"You went downstairs after Louis disappeared?"

"We did," said both the women.

"And saw no signs of him?"

"None."

"And searched everywhere for him down there?"

"Everywhere."

"It follows, logically, that you were off the scent, and that instead of being downstairs, he is upstairs."

"Upstairs? Why should he go upstairs?"

"To examine the house——"

"Did you search upstairs?"

"No."

"Ah! I thought as much. Ring the bell for Kate; and get her to help us look about."

"I never thought of that," said Miranda.

So she pulled the bell that led into the servant's room overhead, with vehemence.

"We must change our base of action," said Henry, with an air of triumph. "We must adopt new tactics."

"But stop!" cried Esther, "Louis went down stairs."

"How do you know he did?"

"We saw him."

"Did you follow him to the [illegible]

"And I, in the meantime, will go the old road downstairs—*facile descensus*, and take another look at the cellar," said Henry. "There's a candle or a lamp somewhere about downstairs, isn't there?"

"I think there is one in the pantry near the cellar door," replied Miranda. "If you can find your way there in the dark."

"Of course," answered Henry, as he walked with the women to the door of the room. "Call if you want me," he said.

"Don't get lost again," said Miranda.

"Bring Louis back with you," said Esther, with tears in her eyes.

Miranda, at this juncture, gave another glance into the room they were leaving, and instantly screamed out:

"Stop! Look there! there! Is that Louis? No, no! Oh! my God, what was that?"

"What!" ejaculated Henry, startled back into the room again. "What—what?"

"There!" she replied, trembling and catching hold of Esther's arm. "The closet! The door! The closet-door—was not—opened when we left. Oh, Henry! what shall we do? And I am sure I saw the figure of a man glide past into the back sitting-room."

"More complications," said Henry. "Come, keep up. Don't give way so, Esther, for God's sake! Let us see what this nonsense is." And he pulled the women into the room rather rudely, for he was terribly excited, and approached the closet at the farther end of the apartment.

"What is there here?" he cried, with an air of triumph, as he swung the closet door to and fro. "Absolutely nothing. Nothing at all."

"What *was* there," said Miranda. "Dear, dear Henry, tell me what in the name of heaven is the meaning of this maze? Are we awake, or asleep and dreaming horrible dreams? I am sure as I stand here that I saw a figure flit past the door yonder. I will try to be calm. But we must seek the solution of this. At once—at once."

Esther had fallen into a chair, and was utterly prostrated. Miranda was trembling so violently that she was obliged to catch hold of the sill of the closet door to save herself from falling.

"Come," said Henry, half angrily. "Curse it, we must act. This fooling is going too far." He was growing irritable through sheer terror. "I'm going down, as I said I was," he continued. "Leave me alone to manage."

"For God's sake don't leave us alone, Henry."

"So be it, then. Stay here, and let things take their course. Bah!"

He stamped his foot violently, and turned to stride across the room, when he suddenly stopped still, and whispered to the women, as he looked toward the door leading to the stairway: "did we shut that door when we came in?"

Miranda and Esther both raised terrified faces, and with one voice cried:

"No."

"Then," said Henry, "something, or somebody, has shut the door after us—that is all. Come, be brave. You were both brave enough when you went all alone down stairs to hunt me, armed with pokers, shovels, fire-tongs, canes, and what not; now be brave."

He walked swiftly across the room to the door, and turned the knob. He had no sooner done so, than, looking at the two women, he said, with a face as white as the door itself:

"WE ARE LOCKED IN!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

From all points, at home and abroad, the chronicles of the gay world are descriptive of weddings, balls, dinners, receptions, kettledrums, and all the innumerable attractions which fashionable society offers to its votaries during the winter. With such constant demands on her taste and skill, Fashion has devoted all of her time to toilettes suitable for such occasions, and presents to us the most tempting variety of evening costumes. If we could have but a glimpse behind the scenes and penetrate as far as the mysteries of her work-room, we would stand in bewildered astonishment at the countless array of gauzy materials, luminous satins, velvets, and glittering gem-like beads—costly laces, and wonderfully wrought embroidery, all of which contribute to the supreme elegance of the grand toilettes of the present day, and wonder if she ever descended to that point of materialism, which would develop a plain simple costume suitable for every day doings. Many of the costumes chronicled in the world of fashion almost defy imitation or reproduction, but still from the bewildering variety, suggestive ideas can be gleaned which guide us to something more simple but very pretty.

From the glimpse I have had occasionally, I find that many of the corsages of evening dresses are laced in the back, when it assumes the cuirasse form, which is still a favorite, while the princesse retains its past popularity. Attempts are made to introduce the low necked polonaise to be worn over silk or velvet skirts, the material for the polonaise being such soft textures as crepe, Bagdad silk, and India cashmere.

For dressy dinner toilettes, waistcoats, either embroidered in the Louis XV. style, or heavily worked in gold, are fashionable and form a brilliant contrast when worn with a sombre costume.

An example of this effect was visible in a black velvet dress worn with a long vest to the knees, of turquoise blue satin, bordered with silver, and embroidered in moss green chenille.

Cream color, so long in favor, has a rival in pure white; white barege and cashmere are made into charming draperies over black velvet skirts.

Among other nouveautes for ball costumes prominent for the moment, are basques made entirely of flowers, but to produce the desired effect the most artistic skill is required to arrange them, as they must not be thrown on with that carelessness which will produce a graceful effect on the skirt. The shape of the waist is maintained, and the flowers are fastened and shaped to the waist, to avoid any protuberence, a single small kind of flowers being used. In addition to this flowers are very lavishly used on all ball dresses, and as I have frequently mentioned, no toilette for dress occasions is considered complete without the bouquet on the corsage.

The habit basque, which has been such a favorite, is frequently made for evening dresses of a different color from the skirt. It may be of rose color or pale blue, and worn with a white skirt, which then has trimmings to match the basque. Another item of interest in connection with evening dresses, is the pretty lace scarf of black or white lace arranged as a fichu and worn with a high or low-necked corsage. They are pleated down to a point in the back, where they are held by a cluster of flowers or ribbon loops, crossing in front, where they are held by the same; the ends pass round to the back of the skirt where they are fastened by an ornament similar to those on the corsage.

As white barege is among the materials designated by Fashion as suitable for evening costumes, and recommends itself as being less elaborate and expensive, the following model I think will speak for itself for its charming simplicity:

The skirt is cut with a pretty flowing train and is trimmed all around with three pleated ruffles edged with blue Torchon lace, the top ruffle having a heading. The drapery resembles a long overskirt pointed in front, and open on the left side. A similar pleating, trimmed each side with the lace, edges the overskirt and extends up each side of the opening, which is ornamented by bows of blue satin ribbon. The corsage is the cuirasse shape, and cut square in the neck, and sleeves to the elbow; a pleating trims the neck and sleeves while the edge of the basque is corded, bows of the ribbon on the sleeves and neck.

The following model will also be found an acceptable one for a black silk.

The back is cut all in one, with a long, square empress train, while in front it represents a cuirasse basque. The skirt is bordered in front by three narrow pleatings, with a band of black lace embroidered in clair de lune jet. The drapery is formed by two silk scarfs crossing each other and edged with the beaded lace; a narrow pleating edges the train, and above a narrow flounce of the lace which, when reaching the sides of the front, is arranged as a jabot or quilling up the sides as far as the basque.

As a simple woollen costume is always desirable, I think this one will find favor with readers, for being quite easily produced.

The woollen material forms a long princesse polonaise over a black velvet skirt with a gathered ruffle. The front of the polonaise is draped in loose folds across, and cut out on the bottom and sides in squares, with a button and simulated button-hole in each square, these squares apparently buttoning the front on the back of the skirt, and on the velvet flounces in front. The back is draped in similar folds, and fastened at the sides under the squares; the bottom is edged with a tassel fringe, and hangs down square over the train, velvet sleeves and collar complete the dress.

As "five o'clock tea" is one of the prominent features of society, and is one of the many scenes in which fantasies of dress are displayed, the following costumes will give some idea of those worn on such occasions abroad, and representing some of the *hautes nouveautes* of the season:

A turquoise-blue cashmere had a front of white satin embroidered with small pompadour flowers, and each side trimmed with a cascade of Mechlin lace studded with bows of narrow satin ribbon, pale blue, moss-green and pink, the three colors tied together. A second tea-dress was of striped pink silk, with a front of pink plush fastened by crystal buttons; the back fitted the figure closely, and was made with long basques at the sides, and finished off with pink Marabout fringe.

Although there is scarcely a glimmering hint of the styles which are being prepared for the spring, there is every reason to believe that variegated colors will have the same popularity as in the winter materials. Oriental fabrics are eagerly sought after, and artistic harmony of colors will be as great a study as the artistic and gracefully arranged drapery. Materials with such names as *Apres la pluie*, *Rayons des autres*, and *le flemmard* are suggestive of the dazzling effect produced by the colors they represent.

Our Fireside Chat.

The subject of fancy work is now as absorbing in interest as household matters, and assumes so many tempting forms. It steals away our industry and energy, time and attention, which at one time concentrated itself on the productions of pies and cakes, and a perfection of domestic economy. So, under the tempting influences of fancy work attractions, I think our chat will open with an answer to Minnie's query of how to make a work drum:

Work Drum.—These are most easily made out of a muff box nine and a half inches long, twenty-four round; if required larger a bandbox can be utilized, but this is more troublesome, as it has to be reduced in size. It can be covered with ticking work, or fluted silk, or chints; but I will describe one I have just made. I lined it with red silk and covered it with black, doing the lid separately; then I carried over the black silk, both on the lid and round the drum, a lattice work of inch-wide red ribbon, and bordered the edge of the lid and base of the drum with straw plaiting. I pulled an old hat to pieces, taking three plaits of the straw, and using them for a plait of three.—*A. H.*

—I have made several drums, and think that "Minnie" will find the following a good way: Work a strip in wools from any conventional table border pattern, or ticking work looks well. A good size is five inches wide and eighteen long. If in wools, of course the pattern will make some difference as to the length, and the canvas should be carefully joined and then worked over. When finished take a piece of millboard the width, but four inches longer than work. Place this inside, crossing the surplus length, so that no join is seen outside. Before placing the millboard in the work, measure the width, then rule a line the length on a piece of millboard, intersecting it across and in each corner, till a perfect circle can be cut; cover one side of this with velveteen, the other with silk the color that the drum is to be lined with, then line the work with silk and stitch the circle or bottom on. Place a rather thin cord round top and bottom of drum, and it is finished. A much handsomer way is to carry the silk lining about seven inches higher than the work, or the width of work, and two inches more, making a deep hem and a second narrower hem to place ribbon through, which is contrived by crossing each other so as to draw the silk tightly together.—*L. O. J.*

Covering Ottomans.—Mrs. R. will find the following suggestions quite desirable in answer to her inquiry: A very pretty cover for the square ottoman can be made of alternate rows of velvet and crash, arranged in diamonds, with flowers in crewels on the latter. The diamonds must all touch each other at the points, and be joined by some sort of fancy stitch to form a small circular ornament. Each diamond ought to be about 6½ inches long and 4½ inches broad. The edges of each must be turned over and sewn together from the back, as in patchwork, and the joining concealed in front with a row of chain stitch in yellow floselle. This marks the outlines of the diamonds, and gives a finished look to the whole. It is best to join the diamonds first in a row, and then work the flower in each.—*Industry.*

—I think Mrs. R. will like the Turkish toweling with bits of colored cloth applique on in some good design, with various colored silks; this has a very rich Eastern appearance. Any odds and ends of cashmere, cloth, velvet, or silk can be used up in this way, also sewing and purse silks. It is best to arrange a design on paper first, and then fit in and cut the scraps accordingly.—*Constant Worker.*

Roma would like some suggestions for fancy screens.

Fancy Dress would like some hints on the fancy costumes alluded to in our last.

Fire would wear a black tulle covered with red stars, or in lieu of stars, flames could be cut out in red tinsel paper; a veil of the same on the head and a torch in the hand. *Earth* would wear a battlemented crown; a brown robe, with Asia, Africa, Europe and America drawn upon it, or sketched out in colored cottons; the Zone round the waist. *Water* would appear in a tulle dress, white and green, with plenty of silver fringe, coral, and sea weed. *Air* in a fairy-like tulle dress, with silver butterflies, birds, etc., nestling in it; silver paper cut out and pasted would answer every purpose.—*Ed.*

Table Covers.—In answer to question about some pretty designs for table covers, I would suggest soft ecru granite linen, which comes for embroidery. I made one with narrow bands of colored cashmere, about an inch and a half wide each; such colors as blue, orange, scarlet, black, and green, arranging them harmoniously; at each corner the bands cross and extend to the edge of the cloth. I worked each band in a design with fancy stitches, using different colored silks, and a row of fancy stitches between the bands, the bands are slip-stitched on, and the design worked on the edges and through the centre, and the effect was exquisite.—*Nemo.*

To Clean White Felt Hats.—Mollie will find the following very good for her purpose: To clean soft white felt, mix either arrow-root or magnesia with cold water until it forms a paste, then brush it carefully over the hat with a small brush until the whole is covered; allow it to dry thoroughly, and then brush it off.

Stockings.—I always wash my silk stockings as follows and find it a good recipe: I wash them in cold water with white soap, then rinse them in cold water, lay them flat on a fine towel first, and then roll them tightly in it until they dry, and when dry rub them with a piece of flannel to give them a gloss, they will not lose their color, but will look like new.—*Laggan.*

Cleaning Brass.—Rub it with a lemon after the juice has been squeezed out of it, and a little rotten stone; then use olive oil, and polish with a dry leather.—*X.*

—I find the best way of cleaning brass (trays especially) is to rub it hard with lemon, wash and dry it, and then polish with a chamois leather.—*Laggan.*

—Take a small quantity of oxalic acid and dissolve it in a pint and a half of water. Knife polish mixed with it to the consistency of cream is excellent for cleaning brass.—*Housekeeper.*

Fancy Work.—In answer to queries for pretty fancy work that is useful, I would suggest paper baskets, and baskets of wicker for the bedroom, are ornamented with bands of olive flannel or cloth, passed in and out of the staves until the circumference is entirely surrounded. The flannel is notched along the edges, and bunches of cherries, in the above Turkish shades, are hung from place to place round the handles and top of the basket. The cloth or flannel is worked sometimes with embossed flowers, or in satin stitch, and a diagonal row of satin bows is flung aslant down the front side.—*Old Reader.*

Fancy Work.—I have just had a letter from a friend abroad who describes a new style of needlework which may interest the Post readers. I quote from her letter: "A curious revival in needlework is also that of a square set into satin divans and lounges. It is in dimension like a pocket handkerchief spread out, but a closer examination shows it is intended to be sat on. There are sometimes as many as three squares on one sofa, marking the three places to be occupied; these preservers are worked with Indian silks, and in most minute designs, such as are seen in the palms of cashmere shawls. The favorite colors are at present olive grounds, the ornaments are pale blue and pink, yellow-green, garnet, orange, and a delicate primrose called 'fleur de citron.' For some reason or other, Parisians call these 'couleurs turques.'"—*Worsted Needle.*

Young Housekeeper would like some hints towards draping mantel shelfs and toilette covers, &c.

Toilette Cushion asks for directions to make a circular cushion with a place to hold a glass for flowers.

Chocolate Creams.—School-girl will be pleased with this recipe, as I have tried it: Put a pound of loaf sugar in a stewpan; pour upon it as much milk or thin cream as the sugar will absorb. Dissolve it over the fire, and boil slowly until it will candy when dropped into cold water. Neither stir it, nor allow it to stick to the pan; take it off and stir it until you can cream it with a spoon. Add a tablespoonful of extract of vanilla, and beat it till cool enough to handle. Then fashion it into balls the size of a filbert; lay these aside on buttered paper. Put half a pound of unsweetened pure chocolate in a tin plate over a kettle of boiling water, and when it is dissolved dip the bonbons into it and lay them out on a buttered paper to cool. If the sugar grains like sand instead of creaming, it has been boiled too long, and it will be necessary to begin anew with other sugar.—*Sweet Tooth.*

Macaroni.—DEAR POST—I send the enclosed recipe for macaroni a l'Italienne, and think housekeepers will like it.—*Good Cook.*

Throw one pound of macaroni into boiling water with a little salt, and an onion with four cloves stuck in it; boil till tender, but not soft; drain the macaroni well, put it into a stewpan with eight ounces of butter, and mix well by stirring the butter in the warm macaroni; add six or eight tablespoonfuls of gravy; grate one-half pound of Parmesan and the same of Gruyere cheese, mix it with a pint of tomato sauce, add to it the maccaroni, set it on the fire, stir, add salt and pepper to taste, keep it on the fire for about ten minutes, stirring now and then, and serve warm.

Good Eating.—Will somebody tell me how to make an *oyster omelet*?

Economist sends the following suggestions for using up remains of cold joints: Chop the meat very fine, with some fat bacon or ham, add a little salt, cayenne, grated lemon-peel, nutmeg, parsley, a few bread crumbs and two eggs, to one pound of meat. Put all into a saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of cream, and two ounces of butter. This is the proportion to one pound of chopped meat. Stir over the fire for five minutes. Let the mixture get cold, and then put it into light paste to bake, either in the shape of patties or rolls.

There is a letter from a thirty-years' subscriber, who writes she would like to contribute her share to the pleasant exchange of home knowledge, and as potatoes are used by every one, she sends some good recipes for preparing them:

Potato puffs will use up your cold meat and potatoes very nicely, as you will find if you try the following recipe: Bake cold roast meat, either beef or mutton, or veal and ham, clear it from bone and gristle, cut up small and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles. Then take some mashed potatoes and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a little flour, cut it round with a saucer, put some of the seasoned meat on one-half, and fold it over like a puff, pinch it neatly all around, and fry a light brown.

Potato Croquette.—Peel four good-sized potatoes; boil with a pinch of salt; when done, drain from the water; let them dry for a few minutes and mash smoothly, keeping them warm; then add one-half a tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of milk and one egg, the yolk and white beaten seperately. Beat these one at a time into the potato with a fork, until it is a light puff; last of all add the whites, and beat only enough to mix them well. Set away to cool. Form into oblong rolls, dip in egg the sure that it covers every part), then into fine cracker crumbs; let them stand for an hour or longer and fry in boiling lard or drippings. Drain well and serve on a folded napkin.

In answer to Housekeeper, who sent the recipe for good cookies, I have the following letter from Grace Winslow:

I have a great quantity of good recipes, and would like it exceedingly if you would publish one in answer to Housekeeper's demand in last week's POST. I do not know what kind of a recipe she wants, but her good cookies do certainly deserve a good recipe as a reward. The one I give first is from a French work direct:

Omelet with Rum.—This is a most delicious dish. Add to a plain omelet a little sugar—say a sherry-glass full, and make as a plain omelet. When turned on the dish sprinkle a small handful of fine sugar over the top, and pour over it five or six spoonfuls of rum. Set it on the fire and serve at table while it is burning. It will have a beautiful effect.

Doughnuts.—Ingredients: Two eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour (or less), one cupful sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, four tablespoonfuls melted lard. Fry them in hot lard, and sprinkle pulverized sugar over them while they are hot. These are excellent. It is better not to put very much flour in them, as the dough should be rather soft. If Housekeeper, or any one, should want any recipes, I should be only too happy to give them.

In answer to query about "vest paper patterns," I think Grace will find them at any of the pattern stores.—[ED.

Here is a letter from Mrs. B. W., who says she has taken the POST for twenty-five years, and is delighted with the Fireside Chat, and thinks it a good medium through which the good things of this life may be disseminated. She encloses the following recipes:

Cheese Pudding.—Melt half an ounce of fresh butter in a saucepan, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour; when the two are well amalgamated put in a small quantity of milk and about 8oz. of grated Parmesan cheese. Stir the mixture on a slow fire till it assumes the appearance of thick cream, but be careful not to let it boil; then add some white pepper; mix thoroughly, and, if required, add a little salt; keep on stirring the mixture at a very moderate heat for about ten minutes; take the saucepan off the fire, and stir the contents occasionally until quite cold, then stir into them the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little milk and strained, and finally the whites of five eggs whisked into a stiff froth. Put the mixture into a pudding dish, and put it into the oven at once. Serve quickly as soon as the pudding has risen, and the top is well browned.

Apple Souffle.—Boil some apples with very little water, plenty of lump sugar, and a few cloves or a little cinnamon, until you get a well-reduced marmalade, which you pass through a hair sieve. Mix a very little potato flour with a gill of milk; stir it over the fire until it thickens; add the yolks of four eggs, and as much apple marmalade as will produce a mixture of the proper consistency; work well so as to get it of a uniform smoothness, then add the whites of six eggs whisked to a stiff froth, mix them in quickly with the rest, pour into a pixin mould, and put it into the oven at once. It will take twenty minutes to cook.

Sleeplessness.—If Night Owl will try eating onions, one or two, at night before retiring, I think sleeplessness will be cured.—Night Hawk.

Economist sends the following good recipe for mock chicken salad: To every quart of finely-chopped cabbage allow one pound of roasted pork tenderloins and the white of four hard-boiled eggs chopped fine; to the yolks rubbed smooth in a tablespoonful of melted butter, add one-half cup of vinegar, salt and pepper to the taste.

Tea Cakes.—Will somebody send Country Girl some good recipe for the above?

Chopsticks asks if any readers of the Post have tried making "macrame lace," and if they can tell her how to learn to make it.

Young Mother.—Directions wanted for knitting an infant's boot.

Knitter asks for directions to make a cloud.

Fanny would like directions to make the fancy articles out of straw garden cuffs.

Information and suggestions interesting to the readers of this Department are solicited and will be published. Inquiries answered, and information given. Letters should be addressed to Editress of the Ladies' Department.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BITS.—At this season it is prudent to warm with the hands, or otherwise, bits, before placing them in the horses' mouths.

CURE FOR GAPES.—Camphor and water is a very good remedy. In very bad cases give the chicken a pill of camphor about the size of a small garden pea.

CARE OF POULTRY.—Keep the poultry warm through the cold weather, and well fed with cooked feed, fresh water, lime and gravel, if plenty of fresh eggs are desired.

YOUNG FRUIT TREES.—Young fruit trees may be kept free from rabbits by putting coal tar paper around the trees; it is easily tied on when cut in strips wide enough to reach around the trunk of the tree.

EXTIRPATING RATS AND MICE.—To rid cow-stalls and piggeries of rats and mice the following is said to be a good plan: A mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of finely-chopped bacon is made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put down for the rats to eat.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY.—The Boston *Ploughman* has an exalted opinion of the prosperity of farmers. It says: "While the manufacturing and commercial world is passing through a crisis called by the name of hard times, the farming fraternity is filled with plenty and blessed in basket and store. The farmers are not the ones who are gazetted in the weekly list of failures.

FARMER'S FOOD.—Eat something besides pig. Farmers as a class eat too much pork; they should have more of a variety. Kill a sheep, hang in a cool place or in an ice house, and use as wanted, or kill a beef and divide with the neighbors. There is no reason that farmers should live on salt pork all winter. They should have the best the land provides, and they are in a position to have it.

DESOLATING FORESTS.—Within ten years no less than 12,000,000 acres of forest have been cut down or burned over in the United States. Much of the timber is used for fuel, 25 cities being on record as consuming from 5 to 10,000 acres each. Fences use up much timber, and railway sleepers require the product of 150,000 acres per annum. The amount of pine and lumber timber yet standing in the forests of the timber States is estimated at 225,000,000,000 feet. The sum of $144,000,000 is invested in the timber industry, employing 200,000 men. These facts tell their own story.

LOSS IN WHEAT AND POTATOES.—The *Rural New Yorker* notes that, in drying, corn loses one-fifth and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for the farmer to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents, than at $1 per bushel in the following summer, and that wheat at $1.25 in December is equal to $1.50 in the succeeding June. In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are likewise lost, together with the shrinkage—and there is little doubt that between October and June, the loss of the owner who holds them is not less than 33 per cent.

NEW USE FOR SOUR MILK.—A new industry has been started in Mansfield, Mass. It is no less than the manufacture of jewelry out of sour milk. The milk comes in the shape of curd from the butter and cheese making counties in New York, and receives the name of American coral. The secret in making it up is carefully guarded, but it is certain that it has to be heated very hot, during which coloring matter is introduced, followed by a very heavy pressure. Some of it is colored black and called jet, while some appears as celluloid. It makes very handsome jewelry and is made into all kinds and styles known to the trade.

"The Best and Most Popular."

The SATURDAY EVENING POST is the best and most popular story paper now published. Every household should have a copy of this paper.—[*Register*, Holly, Mich.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"The Missing Link," "Polly Purvis."

F. W. A., (KNOX, KY.)—The Emperor Louis Napoleon was present at the battle of Solferino.

AMANDA C., (Medina, Ohio.)—A person can make a will leaving the property to whomsoever he chooses.

GNOME, (Washoe, Nev.)—Moderate smoking does not discolor the teeth, provided they be cleaned frequently.

AUBURN, (Caswell, N. C.)—There is no means of "changing" the color of your red hair except by dyeing it.

MARY PRICE, (Matthews, Va.)—The word "coquette" is pronounced as if spelled co-ket, with the accent strong on the final syllable.

SUBSCRIBER, (Suffolk, N. Y.)—Your handwriting and style of composition would not qualify you for a clerk's situation in any establishment.

R. M., (Decatur, Iowa.)—Bonna means "lady," or "woman," and signora means "madam." Louis is pronounced loo-ee in French. The English name is Lewis.

L. W. G., (Letcher, Ky.)—You have, no doubt, an excellent ground of action, and would most probably recover heavy damages, if you can really prove all you assert.

LIZZARD, (Hart, Ga.)—If you are too young, and not in a position to be married, there can be no harm in your being engaged, with the consent of your parents.

PICNIC, (Hancock, Miss.)—When two lovers break off an engagement, they are not obliged to return each other's letters or presents, but it is usual and proper to do so.

NOVICE, (Wayne, Me.)—If a gentleman tells a lady he loves her, it is not legally an offer of marriage. But, if his intentions be honorable, he means it as such.

O. L., (Schenectady, N. Y.)—The etiquette of the pathway, when two persons, proceeding in different directions, are about to pass, is for each to pass on the right hand of the other.

W. E. C., (Wabash, Ill.)—A knowledge of music, French, drawing, and all the usual branches of a superior education, is requisite on the part of a young lady seeking to become a governess.

SPECIMENS, (Monterey, Cal.)—We have stated over and over again that we cannot undertake to pass opinions on pieces of poetry that are sent to us, nor to acknowledge them separately.

THEMA, (Anne Arundel, Md.)—Washing the hair daily in cold water, or rubbing an equal mixture of rum and castor oil into the roots, will increase its growth; the latter would, of course, darken it a little.

HERR, (Massac, Ill.)—The name Hannah, from which are derived Anna and Anne, is of Hebrew origin and means "gracious." Annie is not really a name by itself, but a diminutive of those just mentioned.

T., (Lancaster, S. C.)—Tin was found in Cornwall, Eng., several centuries before the Christian era. The Scilly Islands were called Cassiterides, from the metal found there—Kassiteros, in Greek, meaning tin.

N. S. W., Rutland, Vt.)—The British navy contains nearly eight hundred ships of war; but of these only a few are really available for the purpose of warfare in these days of armor plates, rifled cannon, and chilled shot.

M. W., (La Grange, Ky.)—As a rule, of course, the husband should be older than the wife; but there is no rule without exceptions. If the love of the husband is founded on esteem, it will not take flight at wrinkles and gray hairs. Besides, some women never grow old.

MEADE, (Milwaukie, Wis.)—It is quite a mistaken idea that it improves the hair in after life to keep it very short when a child. If the hair is properly attended to, and the ends cut about once in six weeks, it is almost sure to keep from falling off, because the ends do not then split.

BLONDE, (Rutherford, N. C.)—You will make a great mistake if you attempt to darken your skin. You have not taken into consideration that the hair and color of the eyes agree with the natural color of the complexion, and that any alteration produces an unpleasant and unnatural effect.

ERWIN, (Hicks, W. Va.)—Authors are not imperatively bound to penetrate their manuscripts, but it is better to do so. You will have to study a great deal before you can qualify yourself to write for the press. Read histories, books of travels, and the leading articles in the principal newspapers.

J., (Peoria, Ill.)—The mistletoe is a parasite plant, found wild in England, rarely in Scotland, and nowhere in Ireland. It grows luxuriantly on the apple or pear tribe of tree, and the oak; but why on these especially we cannot say. The origin of the custom of kissing under the mistletoe is unknown.

MIRIAM, (Clearfield, Pa.)—We really should not like to advise any young person who is a perfect stranger to us, what course to pursue "to earn her own livelihood, and be independent of her friends." The desire is a very proper one; but it is precisely those "friends" whom she ought to consult in the matter.

ALIMUS, (Salem, N. J.)—The hospital at Greenwich, Eng., was formerly a palace, and the residence of some of the early kings of England. It was built in 1433, and has been added to and improved in almost each successive reign. The great hall, vestibule and dome were designed and erected by Sir Christopher Wren, between the years 1698 and 1702.

X., (Pike, Ohio.)—A gentleman always gives a lady his left arm, unless when by so doing it would fail to give her the wall—as, for instance, in the street, or when taking her down to dinner from the drawing room. But even when out walking, if the street be wide and clear, and there is no advantage to be gained by giving the lady the wall, the gentleman gives the left arm.

JOHN T. S., (Benton, Mo.)—Stammering is caused by attempts to speak with empty lungs. In singing, intoning, or reading loud, the lungs are kept well inflated, and there is no stuttering. The method of cure is to require the patient to keep his lungs well filled—to draw frequent long breaths, to speak loud, and to pause on the instant of finding embarrassment in their speech, taking a long inspiration before they go on again.

J. C., (Lake, Ill.)—We would never advise a young lady to marry a man whom she does not love, however much she may esteem and respect him as a friend. Still less should we be inclined to advise her to marry him, when she already loves another; for, in this case, she would be inflicting unhappiness upon both herself and her lover, and doing injustice to the one she married. If your parents are opposed to your engaging yourself to the young gentleman, obey and do all that you can to please them, and when you are of age you can act for yourself.

F. W. S., (Volusia, Fla.)—It is impossible for us to give an opinion as to whether you can ever become the author of novels, seeing that you are an utter stranger to us. No possible description which you might convey to us of your intellectual faculties would enable us to answer such a question. The art of writing fiction is more or less a gift, and cannot easily be acquired by study. If you compose a work, you must submit the manuscript to a publisher; but all beginners find it very difficult to make the first start, so to speak, in the literary world.

J. H. R., (Ashtabula, Ohio.)—Yes; there was a sect called "Libertines," and it was distinguished for its monstrous doctrines. Its heads were persons named Quentin and